

11244

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by FRANK LESLIE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 843—Vol. XXXIII.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

RETIREMENT OF THE RING-MASTER.

TUESDAY, November 7th, witnessed the rupture of the "Ring," which has ruled this city so long, and which fell to pieces with marvelous rapidity—dissolved by the breath of public opinion. Seldom has been seen so sudden and thorough a collapse of what has so long been a most perfect organization, and its enemies as well as its friends have been stricken with astonishment at the results effected. The great head-centre of the organization, Peter B. Sweeney, commonly styled its "Brains," on the very eve of the election

"Folds his tent like the Arabs,
And silently steals away!"

retiring with his customary modesty, like the "well-bred canine quadruped," before the uplifted toe of General Indignation, which his more audacious colleague Tweed has dared to brave and still defies, strong in his 15,000 majority.

The withdrawal of this leader from public life, and from Tammany, is the most significant sign of the fall of our city dynasty, and the extinction of the pipe of the Sachems. Peter B. is too sagacious a man to desert place and power enjoyed so long, were there any chance of retaining either. Wiser than his friends, he saw that the popular verdict would be against them, and placed his resignation in the hands of Mayor Hall, in



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CINCINNATI SOUP-HOUSE AT CHICAGO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHAW.
SEE PAGE 171.

advance of the election. In his letter, he states his intention of confining his attention to politics hereafter "to the single act of voting." Like Diocletian and the Emperor Charles V., he retires to the cultivation of the

cabbage—leaving the control of the fierce Democracy to other hands. Curiously enough, the Democratic organ in this city, which has shouted itself hoarse in praise of Mr. Tilden's crusade against the Ring, and in denunciation

of the Ring-Masters, sings a psalm of praise over the person whom it still declares to have been "the Brains" of the organization it has so bitterly denounced—we suppose on the principle of all epitaphs, summarized by Hood on his tombstone, on which is written: "Hear Lies."

De mortuis nil nisi bonum may be a benevolent maxim, but it ought not to be practiced before the death of the subject, nor always then, for "the evil men do, lives after them," and according to the *World's* own estimate, Tweed is quite a vulgar rogue, compared with his former leader, who now deserts him.

It is much to be regretted that the example which has been made should not have embraced the man whom all seem to have selected as the chief offender.

Mr. Tweed is Senator by choice of his District, and has triumphed that far over his enemies—whether he be permitted to take his seat among that incorruptible body at Albany or not.

One merit he certainly possesses—that of pluck—and his brass, if not Corinthian, certainly is of superior quality. But with Connelly turned state's evidence, "the Brains" out, and the nimble tongue and pen of the Mayor both motionless, the condition of the Senator-elect, and Keeper of the still surviving Tigers of the Americus Club, is as hopeless and as exasperating as that of Macbeth when looking on the long line of kings to succeed



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NIGHT BEFORE ELECTION AT A "POLITICAL HEADQUARTERS" IN THE BRADLEY AND O'BRIEN DISTRICT—DISTRIBUTING MONEY TO THE WORKERS.—SEE PAGE 165.

him, none of whom were to be of his begetting.

The immediate effect of this family quarrel among the Democrats has been the loss of the State to them for the present, and the prospect of its remaining Republican for some time to come. The Reform movement, adroitly taken hold of and engineered by the Republicans, has secured them the State, and Messrs. Tilden and Seymour, with their organ, the *World*, in helping on this Republican triumph, must feel very like that ingenious colored gentleman, who sawed off the limb of the tree upon which he sat, between himself and the trunk.

The Ring-Master has bowed himself out of the arena, and left these gentlemen standing-masters on the saw-dust. The question now is, "What will they do with it?"

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

NOTICE.

Persons wishing to renew their subscriptions to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will confer a favor on the Publisher by sending in their names at the earliest convenient moment, before their present subscription expires.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Paper in America.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF

OUR NEW PAPER FOR THE LADIES!

60,000 Copies sold of the First Number of

FRANK LESLIE'S
LADY'S JOURNAL!

UNPRECEDENTED TRIUMPH!

THE LADIES HAVE RECORDED THEIR VERDICT!

In the history of journalism no success has been more pronounced than that of the *LADY'S JOURNAL*. The readers for whom it is specially designed have emphatically expressed, by their unexampled patronage, that it fully supplies a want they had long been conscious of, but had never, until now, been able to gratify. Its SUPERB COLORED PLATE, and its SPLENDID ILLUSTRATIONS of the LATEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, drawn and engraved in Paris by the first European Artists, have been received with unqualified delight and approval. The sources from whence the models portrayed in these FINE ART PICTURES come, the famous Parisian houses of Worth, Faneau & Beer, Ronot-Roeche, Dixbury, Morrison and others—who have never, until now, allowed their models to be copied—render the *LADY'S JOURNAL* unique in its character and without a rival in this special field.

Its Literature, intended EXPRESSLY FOR THE FAMILY; its other varied contents; its elegant appearance generally; and, above all, its USEFULNESS in enabling the ladies to be certain that their dresses are made in the latest Paris styles, as well as: aiding in the general management of the household, make it a FAMILY PAPER that the ladies cannot do without, as their unprecedented patronage emphatically records. Their verdict not only assures its success, but stamps it superior to ANY similar publication in the world.

THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

IS IT A SHOWER, OR A DELUGE?

This city has lately witnessed an ebullition of civic, if not, strictly speaking, political virtue, which should be significant to official plunderers, not alone in the city and State, but throughout the nation. Significant, not only to these, but to those corrupt managers of great corporations who use their place and power, not for the benefit of owners and shareholders, but for their individual interests. Greed and rapacity in office, political or corporate, will have received a final check from the great uprising in New York, if the example set here, where rascality and fraud had its stronghold, is followed throughout the country. The citadel of corruption has been stormed; the Sedan battle against speculation and villainy has been fought, and now the cry is, Onward! not to Paris, but to Washington!

As truly observed by the *Sun*, the recent election in New York was not a party defeat or a party victory in the usual sense of these

words; but a general revolt of the people against fraud, corruption, bribery, and official dishonesty. It was like the memorable uprising of the nation against slavery when Fort Sumter was attacked, and it promises results, if not more hopeful, almost as important.

"The time," continues that journal, "is more than ripe for a universal political reformation. If all that the American people have learned to hold dear is not to be lost in one bottomless abyss of corruption, the work must begin at once. Let the revolution initiated in New York, November 7th, extend all over the country, and republican liberty and self-government will be preserved."

The *Tribune* takes substantially the same broad view. It says:

"Let the full meaning of the verdict of November 7th be realized. The people of New York have not pronounced against Democratic thieves only, but against all thieves. They have decided that there shall be a speedy end of all purchase and sale of legislation, of all jobbery and corruption in office, of all 'rings' for the promotion of personal interests and mercenary schemes at the expense of the public good. It means that there shall speedily be inaugurated a new era of uprightness in government and of frugality in administration. It means that there shall henceforth be diminished expenditures, reduced taxes, and steadily decreasing public debts. It means that speculators and plunderers, whether of high or low degree, whether of this party or of that, shall be exposed, prosecuted, and subjected to condign punishment. Woe to that party which shall fail to comprehend and heed the lesson."

The *World*, also, which has fought a good fight against corruption, applauds (albeit with some very just reservations) the grand popular verdict of the polls. It says:

"We have nothing but unqualified approval and admiring sympathy for the righteous popular indignation which has been the resistless controlling force in this election. This intense feeling, so suddenly aroused and so mighty in its operation, is the hope of the Republic! Large masses of men, when deeply moved, are not apt to be very discriminating, and the justly incensed people deserve to have had better leaders. But their honest impulses are entitled to our heartiest applause. In the intentions of the voters the result of this election is not a triumph of the Republican party, but a triumph of honesty over fraud. Their noble subordination of party to high moral considerations is the most hopeful feature of our recent politics. When the same incensed honesty is brought to bear against Federal corruption with the same indignant, impetuous force, it will prove a devouring fire. It will sweep over the country and consume the Grant administration like dry stubble. This strong, outburst of popular feeling is the most hopeful sign of the times. All honor, then, to the righteous popular indignation which broke forth like a conflagration in the recent canvass! It has burnt up some things which we would gladly have saved, but still its general effect is most salutary. Heaven grant that it may not be quenched until it has done its perfect work!"

THE STRONG-MINDED FEMALE AT THE POLLS.

In an old number of *Punch* there may be seen a caricature of "The Good Times Coming," when women shall be voters. A meek-looking husband sits crouching over the fire, rocking the cradle of the infant hope of the house. In the doorway, flushed and elated, and apparently half tipsy, with bonnet awry and cudgel flourished in air, stands a virago of masculine mien and muscle, shouting out, "Huzza! we've carried our ticket, and elected old Molly by fifty votes!"

The meek spouse is fearfully responding, "Hush, you brute! You'll wake the baby!"

This, of course, is only a caricature—mere old-fashioned British prejudice; but what *Punch* saw only in distant and prophetic vision seems, in this land of liberty of ours, to be rushing down with fearful velocity upon us, in sober reality.

Several of the softer sex essayed to vote on Tuesday, and one fair one, more fortunate than her sisters, succeeded in depositing her vote in the ballot-box. The inspectors acknowledged her right, and permitted her to exercise the franchise. The name of this pioneer voter was Margaret M. Miller, and Dey Street was her station.

The omnipresent interviewer reports her as having said (in confidence, of course), to him: "Notwithstanding all they have said of 'the Boss,' I went for old Bill Tweed!"—which, if true, will rather stagger the reformers who declare that Woman Suffrage will be such a purifying element in the ballot. Several other fair claimants were unceremoniously refused the privilege of voting, by inspectors less soft than he of Greenwich Street, and—

"Then rose the cry of women, shrill
As gos-hawk's whistle on the hill,"

especially in the 21st Ward, where Woodhull & Claflin tried the experiment, as citizens of the United States.

Another strong-minded lady also hunted down an inspector from a barber's shop, where he had taken refuge, and insisted on voting. When neither persuasion nor argument prevailed on the obstinate guardian of the poll, she retired with the remark, "So much the worse for Tammany, then." Which would indicate that although "a lion among the ladies is a dreadful thing," that the "tigers" were decidedly pets with these specimens of the sisterhood.

Mrs. Woodhull, as the self-nominated Woman's candidate for President, was especially

indignant, and threatens lawsuits for violation of her rights, as she understands them.

Whether she too would have voted for the "Ancient William T.," as did her more fortunate imitator, is not mentioned by local reporters. The absence of all prejudice, however, which characterizes that portly Sachem, may render it probable that Victoria, who is likewise fat and forty, would have plumped the Boss.

"OUR FRIENDS, THE ENEMY."

POLITICS, like misery, certainly make men acquainted with strange bedfellows. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is not strictly a political paper, but a live Press must show "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," and we have seen a kind of political millennium approaching worthy of record. Who ever expected to see among the men "who fight mit Sigel" the spare form of the veteran Tilden, or the more portly person of ex-Governor Seymour? Who ever dreamed that this lion of the *Times* would lie down in the same pleasant pastures alongside the lamb of the *World*, or coöperate with the Philosopher of Chappaqua in the campaign against the Sachems of Tammany! Can such things be and not overcome us, without our special wonder? Yet, all these things have come to pass, and we have seen them.

Of the two generals, General Indignation and General Sigel, our Teutonic friend has got the best of it, for he has obtained by this campaign as much glory and a nicer place than he secured during "the late unpleasantness" by his efforts in the field. Mr. Tilden is Assemblyman, but he sits forlorn and almost alone in the camp of the enemy, and New York State is the prize of his life-long enemies.

"Our friends, the enemy," will scarce coöperate any longer with him, now that the great Sachem of the Tammany warriors has put out his own pipe, and subsided into a simple "voter," and "Big Six" sits like Marius, among the ashes of the Wigwam, deserted by the howling braves he so often led to victory—and to plunder. It was hard, however, that the Teuton warrior summoned to the aid of the allied forces should have succeeded so much better than the gallant Celt who floated the Fenian banner in the same fight. The name of O'Donovan Rossa did not prove the same spell with his countrymen as did that of the German rebel and exile with his. Tweed proved a more comfortable wear than frieze; and the harp of Erin could produce no such notes as those extracted from the lyre of Tammany to win golden opinions from the voters. The Irish exile has already learned that republicans can prove as ungrateful as monarchies, and may not fill the armchair which has groaned so long under the portly personality of the man who first made chairs, and sold Assemblies afterward. Shakespeare has truly said that "all the world's a stage," but in no theatre in this great city was ever witnessed a more startling transformation scene, with more curious effects, than that which has passed under our eyes in this public theatre within the last few weeks.

"MY OFFENSE IS RANK."

THERE is a good deal of sarcastic philosophy in the retort made by Charles Dickens on a lackadaisical friend who was lamenting the degeneracy of the human race: "What a lucky thing it is, Jones, that you and I don't belong to it!"

But while far from evading our full share of human responsibility, we are compelled to object to the unreasoning abuse of rank, in which so many writers in the public Press now indulge. Do not these growlers forget that titles are merely comparative, and that kings, princes, dukes and lords, in their several degrees, are the equivalents of our presidents, governors, generals, colonels, and that endless variety of native honors which find their Alpha in the President, and their Omega in the pound-keeper.

The approaching visit of the Grand Duke Alexis has afforded the Scribes and Pharisees of the Press—to say nothing of its publicans and sinners—a text on which to preach a crusade against all foreign powers and dignitaries. We have sometimes faintly suspected that we republicans carry our irreverence for distinguished personages too far, when we disinter a great-grandmother in revenge for her descendants becoming aspirants for official honors; and we have always admired John Randolph's advice to a young and ambitious candidate for public office. Having a great veneration for the "Sage of Roanoke," the budding legislator called upon him, and after showing him the invitation from his fellow-citizens to run for Congressman, the old politician said: "Young man, did you ever have a grandmother?"

Astonished at the question, his visitor said: "Why, who has not had a grandmother?"

"Don't evade my question, young man; I did not ask you what other people have had, but what you have had. I repeat my question—have you had a grandmother? I mean you,

you, YOU!" These last three words being emphasized at the top of his shrill voice.

"Certainly! How could I have been without a mother—and she must have had a mother?"

"Yes," said John, "without she were an adopted child. But you have come to ask my advice, and you won't hear it. You will talk, young man—you will talk, young man!"

"Why, Mr. Randolph, I haven't said a word!"

"Not said a word!" retorted Randolph.

"Why, sir, you have owned up to a grandmother. But you are young, you are foolish, you are very foolish; you are going to run for office—you had better run to the devil at once! It is a sink of iniquity! If you are rich, it will surround you with flatterers, parasites and plunderers. If you are poor, you will be compelled to be a rascal to meet your unusual expenses. I tell you, young man, if you have had a grandmother, a grandfather, a mother, a father—in a word, if you have had any ancestors at all, or have any relations now living—have nothing to do with office, unless you wish to see your dead grandmother, mother, father, and grandfather dragged out of their graves, with a Newgate calendar added to their biographies, as a tin can to a dog's tail."

When we add that the young man was John Buchanan Floyd, afterward Governor of Virginia, we shall see that, had he followed Randolph's advice, he would have missed the "bad eminence" he attained as a rebel, and most probably not have lost his life in fighting against the Union.

We have related this anecdote as an illustration of the obloquy which, in the opinion of no mean judge, is sure to be incurred by all men who rise above their fellows, whether by means of their talents or their virtues. When social or political distinction is an accident of birth, it seems to excite among a number of people a sort of insane hatred, as if a personal insult had been offered them. Perhaps, toward gentlemen who have the misfortune of being of royal birth, this seeming vindictiveness may be less intense, but all lovers of good government will admit that, as order is the first law of a republic as well as of a monarchy or of an absolute despotism, a decent respect to rank is as much a necessity of good breeding as of public welfare.

NEW MAPS WANTED.

THE widely-altered condition of several prominent nationalities renders it desirable that new maps of Europe, showing the political divisions at the present time, shall be promptly supplied. Here is good opportunity for some enterprising publishers to benefit themselves and the public, by meeting the current demand.

The last fifteen years have witnessed changes that render the old maps somewhat like antiquated almanacs.

The expansion of "Sardinia" into the "Kingdom of Italy," by swallowing Lombardy, Naples, Venice, Rome, and other regions formerly under separate governments; the curtailment of the Austrian Empire and its modification by the union with Hungary as an equal partner in the present "Austro-Hungarian Empire"; the creation of the new Principality of Roumania out of some of the Danubian Provinces; the diminution of Denmark by lopping off its Schleswich-Holstein appendages; the changes in the situation of France from the alteration of boundaries caused by the excision of Alsace and Lorraine; and, not least though last-named, the creation of a new German Empire, embracing various kingdoms and states that hitherto figured separately on the maps—these and other considerations (the latter including the increased and still increasing intercourse by trade and correspondence between the United States and different portions of the civilized world) render it needless to do more than allude briefly to them as prominent reasons for the New Maps, which we call upon our enterprising American publishers to present without delay to the community. What "embellishments" more appropriate about any household than good maps, whereby readers (young and old) may trace the localities mentioned in the news "from all parts of the world," with which the public journals daily abound? As teachers of geography, they will repay their cost by quietly instructing the youth around our homes and firesides.

THE English Government has just printed a "Blue Book" on "The Condition of the Working Classes in Foreign Countries." It contains the reports of the various Consuls of Great Britain, in the principal commercial and industrial centres of what is called the Civilized World. There are reports from Buffalo, San Francisco, Galveston, New Orleans, Portland, Philadelphia, Savannah and Charleston, which the *London Spectator* says "are full of interest and instruction for emigrants who purpose to make the United States their home." The Buffalo Consul remarks that "a good test of the comfort in which the artisans of the State of New York live is afforded by the convenience

and even elegance of the cottages they inhabit. Built of wood, painted white, with a porch before the door, and green Venetian blinds to the windows, they offer a striking contrast to the squalid tenements, the reeking cellars and stifling attics in which the workmen of our (British) large industrial centres are housed. Nearly every one of these cottages has its strip of garden, its three rooms, and even in the houses of skilled artisans a spare chamber for a guest, for a great many of these cottages are built by the workmen themselves, and many more owned by them. Single men find it easy to get board at \$5 a week, or under. The day's wage of a skilled artisan varies from \$1.50 to \$4, or even rises as high as \$6, according to his occupation; that of an unskilled laborer ranges from \$1 to \$1.50 per diem; but the arduous and uncertain labor in the docks and at the corn elevators is paid for by the hour at a much higher rate. Compared with London prices, the English artisan will find meat 20 per cent. cheaper than at home; bread, milk and vegetables about the same; but he will have to spend 40 per cent. more on eggs and butter; 25 per cent. more on tea and coffee; 50 per cent. more on sugar; while coals will be doubled and gas quadrupled in cost. On the other hand, a German laborer, with whom the Consul discussed these startling differences in prices, observed: "My earnings in Germany as a plasterer would be barely 75 cents a day, while here they are from \$2.75 to \$3; my eldest boy, who is just sixteen, makes his \$1 a day already, and even my youngest, of thirteen, earns \$2 a week, while he learns a trade." "The settlement of our working-classes," continues the *Spectator*, "under existing conditions in Europe or Asia is discouraged by our Consuls; nor does it appear that there are much more favorable openings in the disturbed Republics of South America, where civil war and pestilence appear to be not casual and infrequent visitations, but the inevitable and ordinary concomitants of social life. After all, then, we are brought back to the United States as the most hospitable and generous home for emigrants."

M. QUATREFARGES, an eminent French savant, undertakes to pour oil on the ruffled feelings and wounded military pride of his countrymen, by assuring—he says *proving* to them that their conquest and humiliation was effected by people of their own blood—in fact, that the Germans were originally Frenchmen. He says:

"In the truly Prussian provinces, that is, in the two Prussias, Pomerania and Brandebourg, the population is, by its ethnologic origin, essentially Finno-Slavic. The Germanic element, more or less mingled with the French element, rules only in the higher classes (the *Herr vons*, the noblesse, the *Junkers*), and in the bourgeoisie of certain towns. In South and West Germany it is quite otherwise."

It is so much easier to laugh at than disprove or even examine the alleged proofs, that we would respectfully advise none but those interested in getting at the truth to study the essay of M. Quatrefarges. What the writer says of the influence of French emigration to Prussia after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, is worth attention on more than one account. Faithful to scientific treatment of his general theme—the Prussian race—he makes no pretension in this particular or elsewhere to ignore his national feeling. How capable he is of controlling it, subduing it to the authority of disagreeable truth, the following quotation will help to illustrate:

"France can but be pained to meet enemies in these descendants (of the Protestants ejected by Louis XIV.) of her children. But we must confess that she has no right to reproach them. Formerly, save rare exceptions, she associated herself entirely to the great fault, to the great crime of Louis XIV.; she drove away the Protestants with refined inventions of persecution and cruelty unthought of by the executioners of pagan Rome. Presently, she met them on fields of battle; and there again, to-day, she has found once more their descendants. Surely they are not the least formidable among our adversaries. In those cantharides hurled by Pietist Prussia against Catholic France, there is unquestionably a distant echo of our old religious wars; and it is too well known what an inexhaustible source of rage and hatreds men have made out of that teaching which its first master resumed in two words: Love God and thy neighbor."

VIRGINIA has a greater extent of mountain country than any State east of the Rocky Mountains, though her mountains do not attain the same elevation as those of New Hampshire and North Carolina. The highest peak is High Top, in Grayson County, six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The climate of this mountain region is healthy and delightful. It is entirely free from the bilious and intermittent fevers that prevail near the coast, and no warmer than Northern New York or New Hampshire.

A PARIS correspondent writes that during the late hot weather, the swimming-baths were crowded; so much so, that it was necessary to wait a long time before one could take a header. The sagacious owner of one of those establishments, seeing that he lost money by the crowding of his bathers, devised a very efficacious way of preventing them from remaining

too long in the water. In order to induce the swimmers to make room for the new-comers, he had a few dead rats placed at the bottom of the bath. Of course the presence of these animals, which might have been welcome during the siege, produced the desired disgust; and no sooner had a bather taken a *plongeon* than he hastened out of the water. An Englishman on leaving one of those rat-swimming-baths asked the waiter, in true cockney fashion: "I say, where does one wash after bathing there?"

Figaro tells a pleasant story of the German occupation in France. A lady, it says, residing in the Department of the Seine-et-Marne, had a Prussian quartered at her house from the commencement of the invasion. Fortunately, he said, on taking possession of his apartments, that he was deaf, so that the lady did not hesitate to talk before him as if he were not present. At last the soldier informed his hostess that he had been ordered elsewhere. "Madame," he said, "I wish you good-day." "And I," said the lady, smiling with exquisite grace, "I wish you may break your neck on the stairs, you assassin!" "Oh, madame," interrupted the Prussian, "excuse me, I forgot to tell you that I am hard of hearing only by the order of my general."

A CINCINNATI paper has made a laborious calculation concerning General Grant. The result reached is, that since his nomination to the Presidency he has been absent from Washington five hundred and one days (not including the days of his returning), and has traversed, as nearly as can be determined, thirty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty-nine miles; or, since the surrender of Lee, he has been absent seven hundred and fifty-four days, and wandered a distance of sixty-four thousand and fifty-eight miles—not counting numberless drives, horse-back excursions, and little trips that have escaped telegraphic recognition.

COLORADO TERRITORY has ten newspapers and one hundred and fifteen post-offices. Oil City has a new paper, the *Daily Derrick*, whose mission is to "elevate" journalism.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Longchamps Races—Bridge of Boats at Suresnes.

Our engraving represents the return from the races at Longchamps, in the suburbs of Paris. The substantial piers shown in the background were formerly the support of a bridge across the Seine, but the bridge having fallen a victim to the ravages of war, a temporary mode of transit is found in the bridge of boats over which the motley throng wends its way homeward after the day's diversion.

Inauguration of Monument Commemorating the Battles of Orléans, of October, 1870.

After the disastrous day of Sedan, France found itself without an army. That of the Rhine, commanded by Marshal Bazaine, was in effect shut up at Metz. Paris having been completely invested on the 20th of September, 1870, the invading army turned its attention early in October to Orléans. Although the French in that city had but a feeble force with which to resist the invader, still a desperate attempt was made to defend the approaches to the place. A vain attempt, however, resulting in the entry into the city by the Germans on the evening of October 11th. Orléans has recently paid a fitting tribute to its brave defenders who fell in that conflict, by the erection at Fleury of a monument, dedicated upon the anniversary of the entry, bearing the simple inscription: "To the brave dead in defense of the city, October 11th, 1870."

Examining Passports at Dieppe.

Among the immediate consequences of the late military and political conflicts in France, has been the renewal of the passport system, which is now again imposed, as it was in former times, on all travelers crossing the British Channel. The arrival of the daily steamboat from Newhaven at the port of Dieppe is a moment when the inconveniences of this barbarous and ridiculous exaction are disagreeably felt. The English passengers, many of them sickened and fatigued by the sea voyage, which may be performed in five hours, but has been frequently known to exceed seven, would be grateful to be allowed to go to their hotel at once; but they are compelled to stand about on the quay or at the Douane till they can get these precious notifications of diplomatic or consular approval inspected by the men there stationed to guard the maritime entrance-gates of the French territory. Great is the virtue of a stamped paper, with illegible signatures, in the eyes of a Government official! The whole fabric of civilized society, the peace and good order of the Continental world, as well as the stability of whatever constitution, regular or provisional, may chance to be established during a few months or years at Paris, would doubtless be put in jeopardy—the fees, at least, would be missed by their official receivers—if Brown, Smith, Jones, and Robinson were permitted to land without this wearisome bother.

Funeral Obsequies of M. Lambrecht, the French Minister of the Interior.

M. Lambrecht, formerly a member of the Corps Législatif, afterward a representative of the Department of the North in the National Assembly, and also Minister of the Interior, died suddenly on the 8th of October last. His funeral took place on the following Wednesday, in the church of St. Louis, at Versailles, with all the pomp and ceremony due to his distinguished position and official rank. An immense concourse of people assembled, to pay to his remains the last tribute of respect. The funeral cortege comprised the Ministry, with President Thiers at their head, the

Permanent Commission, M. Grévy, President of the Assembly, many of the representatives and a large number of the most prominent statesmen and officials.

Fort Boyard, one of the Prisons where the Communists are Confined.

This fortress is situated on the west side of the Island of Aix, on the coast of France. It derives its present interest from the fact of its having been selected as one of the receptacles for a number of Communist prisoners, who, by the sentence of the recent council of war, were condemned to imprisonment for various terms in the military fortress. Within its thick walls, surrounded on all sides by water, these insurgents are destined to suffer punishment, consoled only by the expectation or hope that the clemency of the Government or another revolution will restore them to liberty, if not to power.

The New German Ship of War Ariadne.

In Germany the provision of a fleet has hitherto been among the last duties which devolved on the Government, and it is only during the last few years that Prussian Ironclads have demanded attention. Since the settlement of the treaty of peace with France, however, some movements have been made toward equipping a German flotilla for the protection of the weaker points where an attack might be made by a foreign foe; and our engraving illustrates the latest achievement of the German shipbuilding yards. One of several double-decked corvettes, some of which have already been sent to foreign stations, the *Ariadne* is a very fine specimen of marine science. Her breadth of beam is 35 feet, and her length 200 feet; and, though not entirely iron-plated, her decks are protected with iron girders clamped at the ends, as well as with iron lattice-work, while her sides are partially armor-clad. She carries two 72-pounders and four 24-pounders, from the celebrated Krupp foundry; and in Berlin, at all events, is regarded as a model of symmetry, her fine lines having gained general approbation. As forming part of a defensive fleet, the *Ariadne* corvette is of some importance; her sailing and steaming qualities are said to be excellent.

Reception of the King of Spain at Saragossa.

Saragossa, like the other cities of Spain, has given full expansion to its feelings of satisfaction in greeting the new King of Spain. He was received at the boundaries of the province by all the authorities, high functionaries and persons of distinction. The city itself was arrayed in its gayest attire, triumphal arches crossed the streets, through which the young and popular sovereign was to pass. One beautiful and elegant triumphal arch was set up by the merchants in the Coso; and another on St. Giles's Street by the Progressist Tertulia, or Club. The latter is the one selected for our illustration. In a land where Carnivals are still a reality, the public taste adopted, as one of the entertainments, a procession of gigantic and droll figures, which are, like Gog and Magog in London, part of the traditional demonstrations of Saragossa.

SCIENTIFIC.

LOMA is the name proposed by M. Borelli for the new planet discovered by him on the night of September 13th at Marseilles. This is the 115th of the series of asteroids found between Mars and Jupiter.

DR. E. H. VON BAUMHAUER states that it is intended to found at Haarlem a Society similar to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, to be called the Society of Sciences (*Hollandische Maatschappij voor Wetenschappen*), for the purpose of exchanging the publications and periodicals of the Learned Societies. The various Societies of the Netherlands have agreed to effect their exchanges through this medium, and the secretary has the promise of the co-operation of many Learned Societies in Europe and America.

PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCE.—Some birds are screened from the pursuit of their enemies by an arrangement of colors happily assimilated to the places which they most frequent, and where they find either food or repose. Thus the Wrenneck is scarcely to be distinguished from the bark of the tree on which it feeds; or the Snipe from the moist and mossy ground by the springs of water which it frequents; the Great Plover finds its chief security in stony places, to which its colors are so nicely adapted that the most exact observer may be very easily deceived. The attentive ornithologist will not fail to discover numerous instances of this kind, such as the Partridge, Plover, Quail, etc.

ANT GUESTS.—There are several species of beetles which are never seen in any other localities than ants' nests; and, until their singular mode of living was discovered, were ranked among the rarest of our insects. No less than thirty-seven species of ants' nest beetles have already been acknowledged, besides the larvae of other species. One very rare species of the Staphylinidae, or Cocktail beetle (*Atemeles emarginatus*), has now become quite common, so frequently it is found in the nest of the ant. The locality of this beetle was discovered by a collector, who saw an ant carrying one of the beetles into its nest. As to the beetles themselves, they seem to be quite as much at home as the ants; and, when the nest is laid open, their first attempt is to escape into the furthest galleries, or to hide themselves in the nearest crevice. The ants, however, watch them carefully, run after them, seize them in their jaws, and carry them back again into their nests.

ARE we never to fly? It seems not; for all the attempts that have yet been made have turned out egregious failures; and yet there is an association in existence at this moment, with one of the most cultivated men in Europe at its head, the Duke of Argyll, which believes as firmly in our power of flying as it believes in its own existence. All that we need to accomplish the feat is some apparatus that shall put us on a level in point of muscular power with the eagle, and with all our science and engineering skill it ought not to be impossible to accomplish that. Captain Burnaby, of the Horse Guards, calculates the muscular power of a bird to be two hundred times greater than that of a man in proportion to its size; and if we can hit upon some light and powerful fan to play the part with us of the bird's wing, the task will be accomplished. At present, we are sorry to say, all our experiments tend to prove nothing but our own helplessness, and with that the helplessness of science from the aeronautical point of view.

WHEN ocean cables were first submerged, various apprehensions of probable injury were entertained, some of which have proved to be well founded, and others less so. It was supposed that worms or mollusks would burrow in the substance of the envelope, and ultimately penetrate to the centre of the

wires; or, again, that the attachment of barnacles, mollusks, or other marine animals on the exterior would invite the attacks of the sharks, rays, and other fish of powerful jaws, and induce them to subject the bunch of matter to such a mastication as should produce serious harm to the cable. To what extent any accidents have happened from this source it is perhaps difficult to say; but we now learn that the Florida cable between Punta Rosa and Key West has been injured in numerous places, as supposed by sea-turtles biting through or crushing in their teeth, to such an extent as to destroy its continuity. It is, perhaps, a question whether the turtle be chargeable with these operations; and we think it is quite as probable that, under the circumstances, some ray or other fish has attacked it, and for the reasons already suggested.

At a recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Edinburgh, a paper descriptive of a new mill for grinding wheat without millstones was read. According to the description, this mill reduces the wheat by percussion, while it is unsupported and falling freely, or being projected through the air. The wheat, in passing through the machine, is struck by a series of bars moving at an immense speed in opposite directions; it is thus instantaneously reduced to a state ready for bolting, no injurious heat being caused, and the flour produced is of much superior quality to that obtained by ordinary grinding, while the cost of its production is considerably less. One of these machines, in its perfect state, is in full operation in Edinburgh, and realizes all the advantages claimed for it. These advantages are, the very light and rarely needed repairs it requires compared with millstones; the fewer men required, and consequent saving in wages; the exemption from loss by scorching; the small ground and space occupied; and the much less driving power needed.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

A LADY in Indiana is seeking her fourth divorce.

M. VICTOR PLACE has been acquitted in Paris of the charges preferred against him.

M. GUZOT reached his eighty-fourth year on the 4th ultimo.

JUAREZ is ahead in Mexico. His rival had better *Diaz* soon as possible.

LIMA, Peru, is to have an Anglo-American newspaper.

THE German custom of throwing an old shoe after the carriage of a newly-married couple is strictly adhered to and carried out in this country.

THE Duke de Montpensier is now residing in Geneva, Switzerland, under the name of the Count de Sar.

THE Crown-Prince of Prussia is an amateur farmer, and spends fifty thousand dollars a year for the pleasure of eating vegetables of his own raising.

GENERAL AUGUSTUS WILICH, after a two-years' residence in Germany, has returned to his home in Cincinnati.

VALPARAISO has a Rev. Mr. Beer. It is not stated whether he ever gets at lager-heads with his congregation.

M. THIERS is so much affected by the death of M. Lambrecht, who was his personal friend as well as colleague, that serious fears are entertained for his health.

KING CHRISTIAN IX., of Denmark, purposes paying a visit to Greece in a few days, and after remaining a month in that country, intends to make a tour in Italy, accompanied by the Queen.

A SIGN in Asylum Street, Hartford, reads: "Barber shop in connection with the restaurant." Mrs. Glass's receipt is now in order. "First, catch your hare."

A MINISTER in Indiana became mixed up in land speculations, and announced to his congregation that his text would be found in "St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, section four, range three west 17."

AUTOGRAPH letters of Alexander von Humboldt, revealing a curious love affair which he had with a young French lady, have been found in the Berlin house formerly occupied by him.

THE question "Who was Richard III. before he was 'himself again'?" has been going the rounds of our contemporaries for some time. The answer is plain: He was somebody beside himself.

LORD WALTER CAMPBELL, brother of the Marquis of Lorne, is to wed the daughter of a wealthy hotel-keeper at New York. It is said that he has *Astor* consent to an early marriage.

THE latest accession to the ranks of royal and noble authors is the ex-Empress Eugénie, who has been for some time engaged on a life of Mary Queen of Scots, which will shortly be published.

A BOSTON hair-dresser begins his advertisement with the startling announcement that "Bismarck is said to have but two solitary hairs on the top of his massive head, and those two are gray."

THE son of the Rajah of Etawah has been sentenced to thirteen years' rigorous imprisonment and 3,000 rupees fine for hanging up a native man and woman by the heels and flogging them till the man died.

AN Australian millionaire named Maffat, who went from London to live at the antipodes some years ago, died recently at his mansion in Victoria. He was the man who once sent an order to England for a ton of books.

MISS LILLIE PECKHAM, a prominent young advocate of woman suffrage, died recently at Milwaukee from the prostration produced by a Turkish bath. Within a few months she had been chosen pastor of a Unitarian church in Iowa.

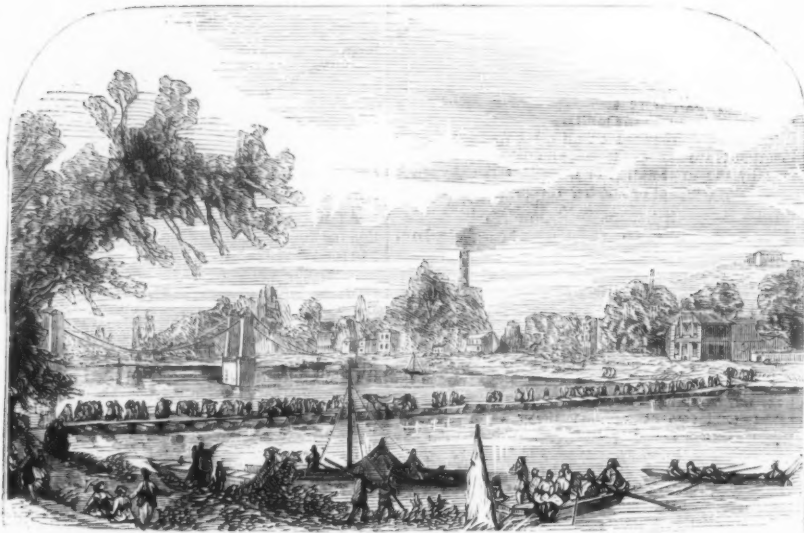
PROF. AGASSIZ and his scientific expedition sailed recently from the Delaware on the coast survey steamship *Hassler* for a voyage around Cape Horn and up the Pacific. Important contributions to science is expected as the result of this trip.

IN Guatemala, President Garcia Granados has suppressed another revolution, routing the clericals, who lost six major-generals, one private, and their money-chest, containing \$137. The average reader cares as much for the President as his granny does.

SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE, who lately patented an invention, whereby the number of words transmitted by telegraph could be increased to one hundred and thirty per minute, is reported to have made an arrangement with the Postal Department which will secure him a considerable income for fifteen years.

FATHER HYACINTHE was the most rapturously-applauded speaker at the Old Catholic Congress in Munich. His reception there has led him to make a lecturing tour through Germany, in order to conciliate the people's feelings toward France. After visiting the large German cities, he will lecture in France for a similar purpose.

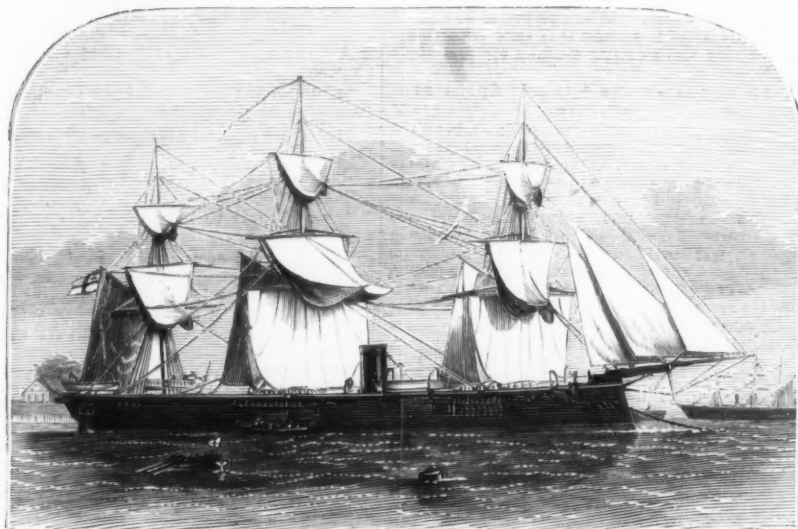
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



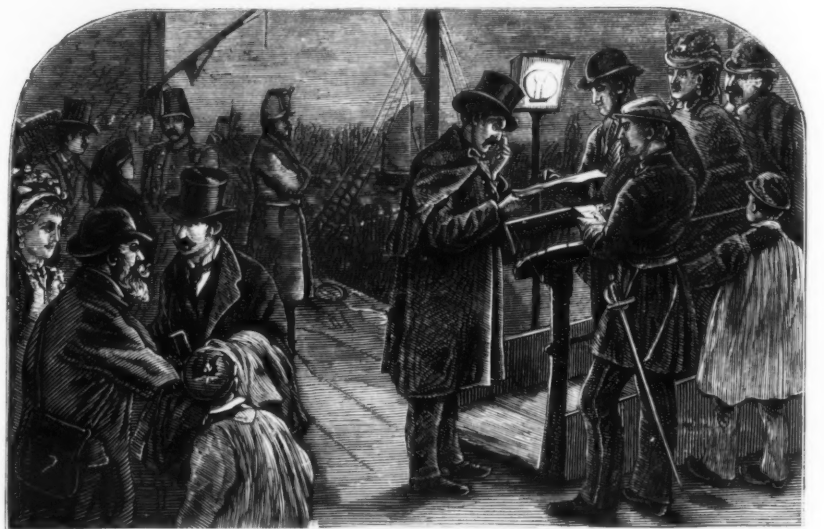
FRANCE.—THE RETURN FROM THE LONGCHAMPS RACES—THE BRIDGE OF BOATS.



FRANCE.—INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE BATTLES OF ORLÉANS.



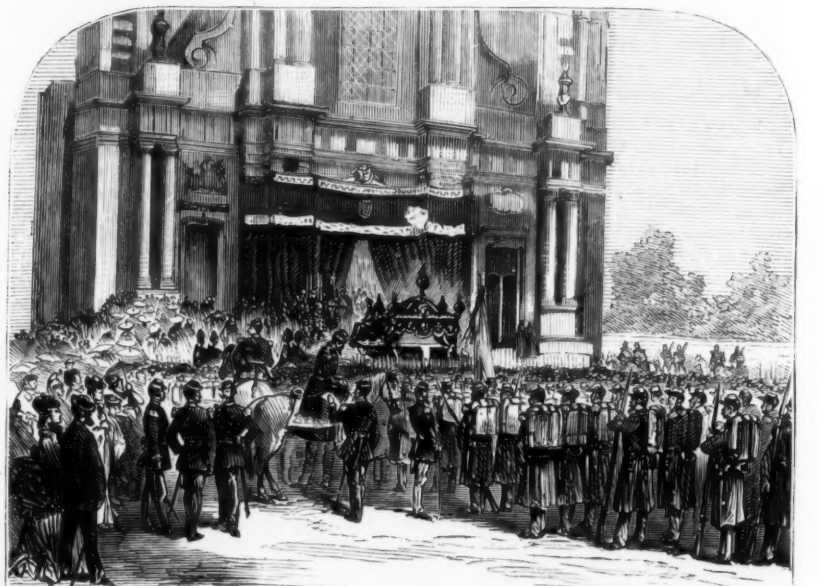
GERMANY.—THE NEW GERMAN WAR SHIP "ARIADNE."



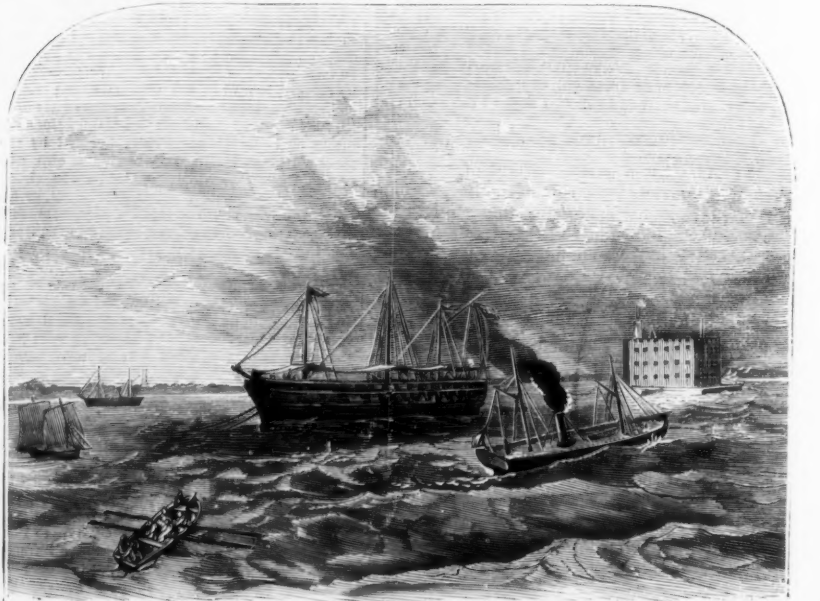
FRANCE.—EXAMINING PASSPORTS AT DIEPPE.



SPAIN.—RECEPTION OF KING AMADEUS AT SARAGOSSA—GROTESQUE PROCESSION OF GIANTS.



FRANCE.—FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF M. LAMBRECHT, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.



FRANCE.—FORT BOYARD, PLACE OF CONFINEMENT FOR COMMUNIST PRISONERS.



NEW-YORK CITY.—OUR WANDERING MINSTRELS.—A STREET SCENE FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR OWN PHOTOGRAPHER.—SEE PAGE 172.

THE LATE

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON.

By the recent decease of this eminent scholar and author, science has lost one of its ablest and most active votaries. Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, Bart., K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., etc., etc., was the eldest son of a gentleman of ancient family, and, indeed, of noble Highland extraction. He was born at Tarradale, in Ross-shire, in 1792, and after receiving his early education at Durham Grammar School, and at the Military College, Great Marlow, entered the army in 1807, and served with his regiment (the 36th Foot) in Spain and Portugal, under Lord Wellington. He took an active part in several important battles, and was reckoned a brave and able officer. When the war was over his active mind craved employment, and as he had a taste for geology from childhood, Sir Humphrey Davy advised him to attend the lectures at the Royal Institution, and follow them up by practical experiments. He brought into the field of science all the ardor of his profession, and, after twenty years of patient, unremitting, and unnoticed toil, placed himself in the highest ranks of modern geologists. Between 1825 and 1831 he published some geological memoirs on the Highlands of Scotland, the Alps, and Germany. In 1831 he made a systematic examination of the older sedimentary deposits in England and Wales, and established the Silurian system (so named from the ancient kingdom of the Silures), comprehending a succession of strata previously unknown, which lie beneath the Old Red Sandstone. He next traced the extension of this system, and all the other paleozoic rocks, to Norway and Sweden, and especially to Russia, where the older rocks have been little altered by fire. In 1845 he published in two large volumes the results of a geological survey of Germany, Poland, and the Russian Empire. For this work he received the highest honors from the Emperor Nicholas. In 1854 Sir Roderick published his best known work, "Siluria," which comprehends a history of the oldest known rocks containing organic remains, with



THE LATE SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, BART.

a brief sketch of the distribution of gold over the earth. Ten years before this he had expressed his belief that gold must exist in Australia, from a comparison of the rocks of that country with those of the auriferous Ural Mountains, and he even urged some Cornish miners to emigrate to New South Wales for the purpose of gold-digging. He has contributed upward of one hundred and twenty memoirs to the Transactions of various scientific bodies. He aided Sir David Brewster in establishing the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and several times was President both of the Geological and the Geographical Society. At the meetings of the latter Society he was distinguished for the zeal and energy with which he supported the cause of his friend and fellow-countryman, Dr. Livingstone, and to the last he held a persistent faith in his ultimate safe return. He also energetically advocated the search after Sir John Franklin. His later years were equally devoted to hard work, and the recent Blue-book on Coal contains the results of much of his thought and research. It is needless to recapitulate here the honors which were bestowed upon him by various learned bodies.

NEW YORK ELECTION.

SCENE AT A "POLITICAL HEADQUARTERS."

The late election in this State was one of the most exciting contests that our citizens have ever witnessed. The general result—the stinging rebuke to official corruption administered by an outraged community through the medium of the ballot—has not only been telegraphed to the most distant points in our own country, but has already been made the subject of remark and congratulation by the foreign Press. Some scenes and incidents, however, which are peculiar to our city elections, are best conveyed to the mind of the public through the illustrated newspaper.

The use of money at such elections, not only for such necessary expenses as ballot-printing, advertising, and banner-raising, but for other purposes, has become a

recognized necessity, even among the most virtuous of candidates. Any one who has had the good or bad fortune of a nomination for any elective office in our city must testify that the demands upon his purse incidental to his candidacy would be, if complied with, "enough to press a royal merchant down."

Apart from the attendants at the polling-booths, the messengers and watchers whose expenses may fairly be considered legitimate, the candidate is no sooner mentioned in connection with a nomination than he is besieged by an army in the shape of the representatives of various target excursion companies, whose invitations, though couched in the most polite language, are really demands upon him for presents of greater or less value, according to the importance or emolument of the office to which he aspires. But by far the most numerous and importunate of the harpies who endeavor to suck the life-blood of the unfortunate victim, are the officers and members of the innumerable independent political clubs which have, of late years, become an intolerable nuisance in our political conflicts. They are not only always up for sale, but they try to get, and sometimes succeed in getting, money from both sides. Their roll of members is almost entirely fictitious, or many of the names will be found in other organizations of the same kind, each demanding money for the sale of their votes and influence. Add to these a class of roughs, political guerrillas, who wage an individual warfare for their own benefit, who must be paid, not for their support, but to insure protection from their interference, and it will readily be seen that the position of a candidate on the eve of election is no bed of roses.

Our engraving represents an actual scene on the evening of November 6th, in the back room of a liquor store in Second Avenue in this city, used as the headquarters of one of the rival candidates for Senator of the Seventh District. The classes mentioned above are fully represented, and the agent of the candidate is doing his best to appease them, and to make a large pile of small greenbacks do its utmost service.

THE DEAD SUMMER-TIME.

THE Autumn may come with her splendor,
Full-breasted, gold-wreath'd, lips of red,
With largess of charms that may lend her
Grace richer than Summer-tide sped.
Can her plenty, her pride, and her glories
Sweet Summer-time make me forget?
Oh, sweet happy time, that no more is,
I cling to you, dwell on you yet!

Oh, that time when, day nestling in shadow,
The Summer-light just growing dim,
Book in hand, by the marge of the meadow,
I thought of, I waited for him!
Ah, sweet was the rhyme—well I know it!
Was it epic or lyrical lay?
Which help'd me—and writ by what poet?
To beguile the last moments of day!

The Summer, methinks, is a maiden
Light-hearted and glad some in mien;
And Autumn, the heavily laden
With wealth, she comes on like a queen.
And Summer is all expectation,
And tremulous over with joy;
And Autumn she brings consummation,
But the pleasures achieved, soon they cloy!

They are fair, sunlit stubble and fallow,
The woods' lustrous deepening hue;
But restore me the joys which you bore me,
O Summer, the hopeful and true!
Sweet to watch was the harvest's rich token,
Ere the work of the reaper was done;
Sweet, sweet were Love's promises, spoken,
In the days of the Summer that's gone.

From Night we her beauties must borrow,
Night draws on as evening descends,
That tells us of tears and of sorrow
For friends, and the parting of friends.
Sweet Summer! all hope and all gladness,
Fit topic for soul-cheering rhyme,
Dispel for me Autumn its sadness,
Restore me the sweet Summer-time!

MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DOWNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"
"THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—GERTRUDE'S LETTER.

"DEAR EDWARD—No! no! no! When we met last, the glamour and haze of the by-gone time was over us, making us forget the present, and the duties we owe to others in this present. That kindly, cruel haze has now cleared away, and our paths stretch out plainly before us and divide us.

"Mine was the fault, be mine the repentance! Your hand might have continued to clasp mine as the hand of a sister, but I made you forget by my weakness what was due to yourself, and to that other one to whom your hand and your honor are pledged. Forgive me for this. I shall not easily forgive myself. Return to the good, true love of Maud Mohan, and believe that, if you have wandered from it for a brief hour, it was only the more deeply to bury the past love. Once more forgive all my weakness. The tears that are blotting what I write are the tears of a friend. When Maud and you are happy together, you will bless me for having had the strength to save you from the misery your generosity would have brought on us all; yes, all—for I could never have been happy if I had sent any other answer to your letter than this. Good-by. Your cousin, GERTRUDE."

Maud read the letter in silence, and then

called the man in whose bosom grief, resentment and surprise were all raging, to her side.

"She as definitely rejects me as you do, you see." He tried to say it with a bitter laugh, but sorrow overmastered the bitterness.

"You must not accept this as definite, Ted," she said. "Why, it only proves her twenty times better worth winning than we thought her before. Go to her."

"She is very firm."

"Ted! Ted! how blind you are! Don't you see in every line of that letter that it is you she is thinking of solely, and not herself?"

"Maud, how good both you women are!" he said, in a sort of wonder. "What a beast I feel myself for having brought unhappiness on either of you."

Then she made her final effort to force him into what she believed to be the purely honorable course—and her pride aided her in making it.

"I shall not be unhappy long, Ted—it's not in my nature to be; the old dream—from which we have both quite awakened, mind you—was very pleasant, while it lasted; but waking from it has given me no lasting shock: my happiness does not depend on you, as Gertrude's does."

Was it true or false, that statement, so fearlessly made? True! he could but believe it true, and own how noble she was, even while he felt humiliated.

"I did not presume to think that you would honor me with regret," he said, in a piqued tone; "but, still, I have caused you annoyance, and I bitterly repent of having done so."

"We needn't talk conventional platitudes, Ted; we have real work before us both. When shall you go to Gertrude?"

"I tell you, I feel it to be useless to go to her, after that letter."

"Then, I must do something. I will go away to some quiet place, and get Gertrude to stay with me, and when I send for you, you must come."

"My mother will never forgive you, Maud."

"She will—as surely as she will forgive you; I won't let her ever speak of forgiving Gertrude, because Gertrude has done nothing wrong; but you have been mutable, Ted, and I choose to be regarded as your fellow-offender."

"Could anything equal the loyalty of this woman whom he was giving up?" He asked himself this question, remorsefully, during the next week—asked it many times, for Maud was busily engaged in seeking out and preparing a temporary home, about twenty miles from London, for the reception of herself and Gertrude Oliver, and the restoration of the latter.

One evening, some short time after this, Gertrude was sitting alone in that garden where her happiest hours with Edward had been spent, watching Charles Roper and her sister Bessie. These two had arrived at a fair understanding at last, and were openly engaged. As Charles Roper had told himself and others, "it wasn't to be supposed that he should go on hankering after a woman who had been blown upon as Mrs. Guy Oliver had been; though, he must confess, that at one time he had preferred her to Bessie; but, then!—young men are always liable to err in forming their first judgments."

Gertrude had heard once, and once only, from Edward since writing him that letter—that he would have accepted it as final had it not been for Maud Mohan. He had written to entreat her to reconsider her decision—to assure her of his lasting constancy, and to hold out the promise of a fairer future than she had dreamt of for a long time! And over this letter poor Gertrude had sighed out one stern resolve: "I will never ruin him; I love him too well!"

Gertrude and her mother were more to one another than ever, now. The blighted child is always the nearest to the true mother's heart. The thought, "That I should have brought you into the world for this!" invariably reaches the well-spring of real womanly tenderness. Moreover, Bessie was in the flush and heyday of her engagement, and had little time left from "Charlie's" demands upon it, to bestow on her sister fallen!

So it was with pleasure that solitary Gertrude, sitting there, saw her mother crossing from the drawing-room window toward her. As she came nearer, she perceived a heightened flush in the fair, matronly face, and a slight accession of animation in the usually composed bearing. "I hope the Olivers are not worrying her," Gertrude thought, dejectedly. "Oh! what I have brought upon my own!"

But cordially as she hoped that "it was not the Olivers," a deeper dread even than she had of them seized her when Mrs. Maskleyne, putting her hands on Gertrude's shoulder, said: "Miss Mohan is here, begging to see you, Gerty. My child, my child! is this any new complication?"

Gertrude shook her head. "No, mother; my conscience is very free about Miss Mohan, now; but"—and her teeth began to chatter—"I wish she had not come; her seeing me can do no good, for I am as firm as she is." Then, remembering that her mother knew nothing of Edward's offer and her rejection of it, she added: "It would take too long to explain something to you now, mother dear—but I have not been base to Maud Mohan; indeed, indeed, I haven't."

It is difficult to say which of these two women was the most inwardly agitated when they came face to face. But it is not hard to tell which was outwardly the calmer of the two. Gertrude, the woman who had been dragged through the open shame of facing scores of her fellow-creatures, the majority of whom thought her guilty of the vilest deeds, had learnt the hard lesson of controlling her countenance. Maud had expected to see an emaciated, cowering, broken-hearted girl come into the room. Instead of that, a woman with steadfast eyes, and a dignified, composed mien, advanced in the place of the brilliant girl she knew as Gertrude Maskleyne, and the blighted woman she anticipated finding in Gertrude Oliver.

It went like a knife to Maud's generous heart, this change in her once bright, blooming rival. How she must have suffered, and how

fine it was of her to refuse still the only compensation for all this suffering, that the world held for her—namely, the love of Edward Maskleyne!

"Dear Gertrude," she began, "will you forgive me for intruding myself on you, without asking if I should be welcome or not? I dared not ask if I might come, for fear you should say 'No.'"

"I should have said 'No' if you had asked; but now you're here, I feel glad to see you." Gertrude had responded warmly to the hearty clasp of Maud's hand, and they stood face to face, looking into each other's eyes.

"I've come to beg and entreat you to come away and be my guest at a dear little country place I've just got."

"I couldn't—oh, I couldn't for the world!" Gertrude said, with a shudder.

"Not for the world, but for me, Gerty!" Maud pleaded. "My dear child, I've made up my mind to do you good; you're fretting yourself to death because other people have been sinful and blind and foolish enough to think evil of you; Gertrude, be sensible."

"I don't fret now; I have lost the power of doing that," poor Gertrude said, piteously.

"You have lost nothing of the kind; Gerty, we ought to have influence over each other, for many reasons. The man who loves you better than he ever could love any other woman, is my best and dearest friend; for Ted's sake, I won't take a rebuff from you. I tell you that at starting."

A flicker of color covered Gertrude's face. "When Edward and you are married, I'll let you influence me as much as you like."

"We are not going to be married," Maud said, impatiently; "like sensible people, we have agreed that it is better to be the best and dearest friends, than to be an indifferent husband and wife. But I won't bother you about Ted now. I'm acting for myself, and I want your society."

It was some time before Gertrude would be won; but Maud was very patient, and very skillful in the use of argument. She staid at the Maskleynes, for three or four days, and during those days she contrived to get Gertrude to take an interest in sketching. Here they were on common ground, and Maud knew that standing on it was a bond.

"There is lovely scenery around my new house," she said, carelessly, one morning. "I'm longing to make sketches of it."

"And you are waiting here with me, and wasting your time, when you would like to be there!" Gertrude said, looking up, with her brush in her hand. She spoke plaintively, for Maud's society was pleasant to her—painfully pleasant at times, when she remembered her cousin Edward and his engagement vividly.

"Exactly so, Gerty; it's hard on me, but here I shall stay, though I'm longing to get back until you will go with me; I have put in new servants, too, and they are sure to be improving the shining hours of my absence, by wasting my substance. Come with me, Gertrude? Say you will?"

"For your kindness' sake I will—for your own sake! Oh! Maud, think before you take me away with you; remember what I have been thought—how guilty people have believed me to be. I can't feel a fit companion for a woman who is untainted by suspicion."

"You're broken down; you see things in false lights; you exaggerate, because you have nothing to compare and measure things with and by," Maud replied, impetuously. "I want you, Gertrude—I want to be the one to restore you to peace and happiness—"

"That I shall never know again," Gertrude said, sadly. Then, a moment after, she added: "But I will go with you, dear, and—bless you for all that you have done for me; no one can do more!"

So it came to pass that Maud Mohan carried off Gertrude to her (Maud's) new country home. Carried her off, not in triumph, but in gratitude, for that so far at least she had been an aid to "Ted's unhappy love"; an aid to the girl who had been so betrayed by her own generous fears for Edward's reputation (Maud had learnt all that story during the term of her engagement to Sir Edward Maskleyne); an aid to the woman whose womanliness had been so outraged by the aspersions that had been unjustly cast upon her.

That little country home of Maud's was just the place for a sick and wounded spirit to recover in. A pretty eight-sided house, with a thatched roof, its walls covered with many kinds of climbing plants, that kept it green in Summer, and glorious all the year round. Maud had drawn lavishly on her best taste in the arrangement of this cottage of elegance. The walls of the pretty, long rooms were all papered with those marvelous reproductions of medieval art that a great poet and a great painter have designed between them. The "Morris Papers" are too well known, to need to have many words said in their favor to render them "popular" in the best sense of the epithet. They are deservedly "loved by many people," if that constitutes popularity, and they are thoroughly appreciated by a—few.

Do you know them, my readers? Do you know those marvelous combinations of colors and form, in which those who like may revel? Those wonderful grayish blue backgrounds on which limes, lemons and pomegranates, with their respective foliages, intertwine luxuriantly? How eye-comforting and perfect they are in their wonderful admixture of gray and blue "undertone," on which blooming fruits repose, that look as if they were executed by nature, or by the rarest silks, deftly worked in by the daintiest hand and needle that ever agreed to work together? Do you know them? If you do not, you have yet to learn how to make your walls artistic without the aid of pictures.

I am wrong there, for these "Morris Papers," as they are familiarly called, after their inventor, the author of the "Earthly Paradise," are pictures in themselves.

Maud Mohan's dining-room, then, in this pretty

one-storied thatched house, was hung with the "Marguerite Paper," and her drawing-room, with the citron on a bluish gray ground. And the furniture was all of oak wood and black oak in fanciful devices; and the draperies were gorgeous-hued, rich oriental fabrics; and every nook was verdant with flowers. And here Maud brought Gertrude to have her wounds healed.

The high-spirited and independent young unmarried lady took care to do nothing that could justify Mrs. Grundy in looking askance at either herself or her friend. Miss Mohan secured the services, continuance and protection of an elderly lady, the widow of an old naval officer, who was only too glad to escape the penury and cramped wretchedness of living on her pension of fifty pounds a year in dull lodgings, for the luxury, refinement and elegant plenteousness of Miss Mohan's abode.

As soon as they were settled, Maud wrote to Lady Maskleyne, telling her that if she would come and see them, and "treat your niece as she deserves to be treated," she (Maud) would be enchanted to see her. To this Lady Maskleyne replied, that she was a crushed and broken-hearted woman, deserted by her son, and her daughter Maud. That she spent most of her time in bed, and that she had serious thoughts of sending her jewelry and plate to Christie's, to be sold for the benefit of some charitable institution. She added, she "had done with the hollow world, and had neither hope nor ambition left." None of which sentiments affected Maud very powerfully.

It was a very peaceful time. Both of these women looking back upon it in after years, regarded it as a blessedly peaceful time, and tenderly loved the memory of it, and each other. Away from everything that reminded her of the scene of her misery and degradation and danger, Gertrude gradually recovered her health, and with it her spirits and beauty. The long hours spent sketching in the woods, or by some hill-side or some wide-stretching heath, were full of new life-giving power to her. They kept themselves well supplied with books and periodicals and new music, and altogether lived a cultivated idyl of the purest order.

After a time Maud's pony-carriage was not put into such constant requisition. Gertrude's father sent up "Barren Honor," and Maud had her riding-horse from town, and the heiress and the widow rode about the neighborhood a great deal. And all this time Edward Maskleyne, at Maud's special request, kept away from them.

At length, when the idyl had been uninterrupted for several months, Maud wrote to him:

"DEAR TED—Now, if ever, is the time for Gerty and you to meet. Come here to dinner any day this week, and take it for granted that what you wish will be."

"Always your friend, dear Ted,

"MAUD MOHAN."

One evening coming down to the drawing-room before dinner, after a long, late ride, Gertrude saw a form near the fireplace that was clearly neither Maud's nor Mrs. Clarke's. Trembling a little, she advanced, peering through the indistinct light, and the next moment Edward had taken her hands and was drawing her toward him.

"Does Maud know you're here?" Gertrude asked, resolutely throwing her head back, avoiding by that means the salute he was about to give her.

"She has just left me. Gertrude, don't speak of any one else in this first moment of our reunion. I have come for you, my own."

"How lowly you must think of me, to believe that I did not mean what I said in my last letter!"

"You meant it truly, but reason and friendship have been working in my behalf since then," he pleaded. "Be my wife, Gertrude, as you have always been my love; let me be the one to blot out all the pain from the past."

"You were Maud's lover when I saw you last," she said, bravely.

"She herself severed the tie, when she learnt that you were free, Gerty."

"Your mother! What would she say if I do—if I were to listen to you?"

"My mother loves me, Gertrude; loving me, she can only desire to see me happy," he replied, evasively.

"Ah! but what will she say and feel about your ideas of happiness?" she persisted.

"Gerty, will you sacrifice me to false pride? We belong too solely to each other, my dear, for a thought of any one else to intervene between us."

"Ted," she said, nervously, "if I yield to your persuasion, I'll never regret; I'll never look back. I promise you; but let me say something to Maud before I decide."

"You have decided," he said, peremptorily; and as he said it he put his arm around her, and Maud coming in with a radiant face, heard the words and saw the gesture, and muttered a prayer of thankfulness that her sacrifice had not been made of no avail.

"You have decided properly, I see, Gerty dear," she said, warmly. "I congratulate you both—and so shall Mrs. Clarke after dinner; but you're too hungry to do anything of the sort now, are you not?" she added, turning to that lady, who had followed her into the room.

And so Gertrude Oliver was committed to the engagement with her cousin, Sir Edward Maskleyne.

Every appeal that Maud's ingenuity and Edward's alternate fits of indignation and affection could suggest, was made to old Lady Maskleyne to induce her to give her consent to the marriage. But she turned a deaf ear to all they said, only condescending to write one formal protest against the marriage to Mr. Maskleyne.

This letter Mr. Maskleyne showed to his daughter, and when she had read it, her burning cheeks showing how deeply it afflicted her, he said, "Well?"

"Well, papa, it is very sad, very hard, but I

promised Edward that if I decided to marry him, I would never look back, or vacillate, or repent. I *did* decide to marry him, and I must keep my promise."

They married about two months after this, Maud Mohan staying with Gertrude to the last.

"Your troubles are over," Maud said, brightly, standing on the carriage-step. "Your troubles are over, Gerty dear; what fair-weather days we will all have down at dear old Colton Towers when you come back!"

"If they are over, we know whom to thank," Gertrude said, with passionate warmth, clasping the hand of the woman whose love must indeed have "surpassed the love of woman," for her to have acted as she had.

"Yes, you have to thank Fate for being tired of being cruel to you," Maud replied, brightly, and Gertrude, with a vague, sudden presentiment of future trouble, turned to her husband, as they drove off, exclaiming, "Is Fate tired of being cruel, I wonder?"

My heroine—the woman the story of whose life I am trying to tell—was only mortal, though she was endowed with a strength and power of generosity and self-abnegation that rarely falls to the lot of mortal. It was natural, but in the order of human sequences, that, when the strain was over, when the great sacrifice she had voluntarily made was consummated, she should suffer from the severe tension, and fall very flat.

(To be continued.)

QUICK CONSUMPTION:

AN EVERY-DAY STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

I REMEMBER hearing my father speak of the matter on one occasion—and he did it with tears in his eyes—as to how, in the case of a family named Dunbar, living in a little, squatty, unpainted farmhouse, not a mile and a half from the old homestead, the legend of the quick consumption had been fulfilled. The family consisted of William Dunbar—"Old Dunbar," as he was familiarly called in the neighborhood—a little, limping, bent-double, dried-up old man; Mrs. Dunbar, quite as desiccated and anatomical as the old gentleman himself; and six boys, apparently healthy, robust young men, of ages running from eighteen to thirty. The old gentleman died first; and, in exactly three weeks after, the neighbors were called to attend the funeral of the old lady. Exactly three weeks! For one member of a family to die exactly three weeks after another is one of the coincidences of quick consumption. It means simply that the whole family is fated. It means doom.

They all died—those Dunbar boys—died, one after another, beginning with the eldest and ending with the youngest; and, strangely enough, it happened that it was exactly three weeks to a day from funeral to funeral, until the last one of the Dunbar family had been put under ground. And then the old farmhouse waxed grayer and grayer, and wasted and wasted, and seemed to be going off of quick consumption, too; and strange, flickering lights were seen by night at the weird windows—so the neighbors said—and nobody, for his soul, dared to pass the gray old building after dark; and it was inhabited by bats and by cobwebs and by hooting owls, and by mildew and by mold and by flitting apparitions, and by soundless feet that walked on its moldering floors, and by goblin faces that looked out from its weird, curtainless windows; and over all brooded, bat-like and terrible, the demon of quick consumption. The old building has fallen to pieces since; and even the cellar has been filled up; and rank and tall waves of grass where once stood the gray farmhouse of the Dunbar family. Its blank, odd, eye-like windows, with the goblin faces in them, have ceased to stare into the night.

They all died, too, of the same disease, the one just three weeks to a day after the other—died of the visitation of that terrible demon, which nobody in the whole town of Stafford ever mentions without shuddering—died of quick consumption.

There is a superstition connected with it. It is one of those weird old superstitions with which the household literature of New England abounds. It is, that the heart of the dead, dying not, by some strange rapport, feeds upon the vitality of the living—the living being thus actually eaten up of the dead; and weird stories are afloat of the dead having been taken up, and of there having been found, still red and warm, in the midst of ghastly rotteness, the hearts of some who have died of quick consumption. Whole families have gone of it, one after another, the dead gnawing and feeding upon the vitality of the living, until, as the last dropped into the grave, the red, warm heart in the confined corpse, having no living relative upon the vitality of whom to feed, has wasted also and died—died at last in its coffin for want of something upon which to prey.

They were three of the prettiest girls in Stafford—Hetty and Hannah and Florence Calhoun—and would have been termed twins, but that they had been three at a birth instead of two. I was engaged to Florence, and the day had been set for the wedding. I had just hung out my shingle, "W. F. MERRICK, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW," upon the corner of a little cottage-like building in the village, and was accounted a promising young lawyer. I remember distinctly the exact dimensions and anatomy of that shingle. It had words in gold lettering upon a black ground, a foot and a half long by one-third that in width, bordered with a gold edging. Of course, I intended to marry Florence, and settle down, as the phrase is, in the little, old, caterpillar-going town. I might possibly be sent to the State Senate, Connecticut, in the course of a few years; and this latter, I may add, was the limit and *Ultima Thule* of my ambition.

The old gentleman, Mr. Calhoun—he was an

awkward stick, and always walked as if he had just bought a new pair of legs and hadn't had time to get used to them—dropped suddenly, and in a few days was dead—dropped into the grave without apparent reason why, for he was a hale old man of fifty—and left the old farm to his heirs and Mrs. Calhoun. I remember the date of the old man's death distinctly. It was October 10th, 1843—over twenty-eight years since. Mrs. Calhoun, so the neighbors said, had been overtaken in taking care of the old gentleman. But rest seemed to benefit her health very little, if at all. I saw her ten days after Mr. Calhoun's death, and she was even more emaciated and weary-looking than ever.

The doctor was in daily attendance, and happened to be at the house when I called.

"How is she, doctor?" I asked, expectantly. "And what can be the matter? Grief, I suppose—the old lady was very fond of her husband." Dr. Blouplil shook his head ominously. Poor man! as Mr. Dickens would say; it was all that could be done under the circumstances, and he did it well. An odor of drugs exhaled from the person of the Galen of the little town, as he shook himself, like a great shaggy dog, and sat down.

"Hopeless case, I'm afraid," grumbled the oracular Blouplil. "Seems to be something like a rapid consumption." Dr. Blouplil picked up his well-worn saddlebags, and went out. For once, he had guessed right. In less than two weeks from that time, Mrs. Calhoun was dead and buried. I remember the exact date when word was brought into my little office that Mrs. Calhoun was dead. It was October 31st, 1851.

"Exactly three weeks," I muttered to myself as I counted up the days. A vague terror, as I remembered the legend of the Dunbar family, made my knees shake with apprehension for—Florence.

The funeral was over, and the three lonesome girls moped and moaned in the old house on the hill. Hetty had been the one to take care of her mother, and was the more wearied-out-looking of the three. As to Hannah and Florry, they were still strong and rosy and hale.

"I'm so tired—so tired!" moaned pallid Hetty—it had been two weeks since the death of her mother—"I'll just lie down on the bed in the old bedroom, and rest." Poor Hetty, she did lie down, but she never got up again. She simply wasted, wasted, wasted away, until there was nothing left for vitality to feed upon; and then the candle of vitality flickered and flickered in its poor, pale socket, and finally went out. Poor Hetty, she wasted and wasted—so fast you could almost see her waste—for a whole week; and then she died. In the press of business, I had not been up there at the old house on the hill for four days. The date I remember as distinctly as though it had been yesterday: it was November 20th, 1851, when word was left at my office that Hetty was dead. Hetty Calhoun dead—it was not two months before that she was the happiest and most girlish of all the little party at the September picnic.

I ran into the office of Dr. Blouplil, breathlessly. I think I looked my questions, instead of asking them.

"Yes, yes!" grunted old Blouplil, "very strange—very—same symptoms in mother and daughter. Simply a wasting, wasting, wasting away; and no help for it. I tell you, Mr. Merrick," blurted the doctor, suddenly, "drugs have had no more effect than water on those two women; and I've given them both drugs enough to have stocked the medical box of a regiment."

"A sort of rapid consumption, I'd have to call it, if I called it anything," continued the doctor. "I'm no surgeon, or I should insist upon having a post-mortem."

A third funeral; and Hetty Calhoun was buried in the little cemetery just out of the village, where all the village fathers and mothers slumbered—undisturbed by the busy tramp of the civilization of the century which respects not even graves, and runs railroads through graveyards—and seemed likely so to slumber for centuries at least. Poor Hetty! I saw her in her coffin. She was absolutely wasted to skin and bones, as if some horrible something had eaten away, buzzard-like, every ounce of flesh from that grinning anatomy—as if, in fact, some horrible vampire had sucked the arteries of vitality dry, leaving of her nothing but a mere withered anatomical framework.

I returned to my office the day after the funeral, haunted with a vague horror, and thinking, half-fancifully, perhaps, that I saw the symptoms in the deadly pallor of Hannah's face. I had had a long, quiet talk with Florry, not having, however, mentioned the legend of the Dunbar family of course; but having hinted to her, pleaded and implored that she and Hannah would leave the old house on the hill, at least for a few days. Florry would have consented; but Hannah shook her head mournfully.

"I wouldn't like to leave the old homestead just now," she negatived, with a shake of the head. "Besides, I dreamed of seeing poor dead Hetty last night, and she begged me, oh, so piteously, not to. It was just so with Hetty, the very night after mother died. She dreamed she saw mother."

Florry and I looked up with sudden apprehension. Hannah had the old wearied-out look on her face I had seen on Hetty's not six days before—only it was as yet scarcely developed; and there was a vague, far-off look in her eyes. The worm of ephemera—the demon of quick consumption was, I fancied, already gnawing internally; and, more than this, I was sure that she knew or expected it. Dr. Blouplil's simple prescription was tonics. He might as well have prescribed tonics for a corpse; in about three weeks—exactly three weeks, as I remember it—Hannah was dead. It was the old, old story: took to her bed, and wasted, wasted, wasted away to nothing, so fast you could almost see the process. It was a disease that really had no symptoms, except that

the patient wasted away without apparent cause. No hectic fever, no hacking cough, no tubercular disease—nothing upon which or to which to tie the thread of a rational diagnosis. Only a deadly wasting away, and a funeral.

Poor Florry, she was frantic with grief; and with that grief was mingled a certain sense of superstitious awe and terror. From the day of Hannah's funeral I did not leave the old house for six hours at once.

The morning after the funeral—the fourth funeral it was—poor Florry came down to breakfast pale as a ghost.

"I saw it last night, Willie," she said, drearily; "I saw it last night; only it was Hannah this time, and she kept beckoning to me with her long, bony finger—bony, just as it was in her coffin."

"Pshaw! pshaw, Florry!" I returned, laughingly. "It was mere 'hypo'—you're getting very nervous."

"'Hypo' or not, I saw it, just as Hannah saw poor Hetty; just as Hetty saw mother;" and, in one week from that day, Florry, now Mrs. Merrick—for I had insisted upon our immediate marriage, with a strange pertinacity—sank down upon that same bed, so tired.

"So tired!" she gasped, wearily; and I knew that Dr. Blouplil's rapid consumption had just two weeks more to gnaw at her vitals. Even the grouty old doctor shook his head more sadly than was his wont.

"No use," muttered he, monosyllabically. "Beyond human skill already."

It was a week after Dr. Blouplil's last visit. I had scarcely slept for at least four days, and at last sank into a profound slumber. I dreamed strangely, weirdly, luridly. In my dream I was digging—digging for something in the old graveyard; and as I dug, my eye caught the inscription on a white tombstone, standing effectually in the moonlight. It was: "Hannah Calhoun—born, April 17, 1831; died, December 21, 1851; aged 20 years, 8 months and 4 days." I woke up in a cold perspiration. Florry was sleeping heavily; but ah, so wan and wasted she looked by candlelight! Her hand lay on the white counterpane, like the mere shadow of a hand. It was so thin and filmy, that it seemed as if I could see through it, into the white counterpane beneath. I got up softly, and in less than an hour was digging furiously, with bar and pickaxe and spade, in the old graveyard, exactly where I had found myself digging in my dream. I went there almost like one in a trance. It was my feet that went of their own instinct. I simply went with them. Hours—hours in that white moonlight I dug on, regardless of law and penalties; regardless of the spectral terror of the night; regardless of everything, save the one mad whim of "hypo" that possessed me. The spade struck something solid. I knew it must be Hannah's coffin, and worked on nervously, furiously. I tugged at the coffin; my strength seemed almost superhuman. It yielded, and I dragged it to the surface of the ground, and pried it open with the sharp corner of the spade. She lay there in the white moonlight—the dead Hannah—and a horrible scent of rotteness in my nostrils nauseated me. The corpse crumbled—crumbled as I began to remove the white grave-clothes, reeking with horrible mildew. But I found it at last. It was—or so I fancied—â red, warm, human heart, lounging prone upon the bare, fleshless spinal column in the middle of the coffin; and I laughed a wild, nervous, goblin laugh, as I lifted it, still red and warm, and, I fancied, reeking, from the carrion which was its envelope. Hours—hours in that white moonlight I worked on; and the blood-red morning was in the east when, having replaced coffin and covering, I left the little graveyard at the back of the village, with a horrible something done up carefully in a white napkin. I stole into the village—nobody was yet up—and into the lurid, terrible crater of the old blast furnace I hurried, as if mad, the red, warm, beating burden of a human heart.

A quarter of a century has passed since that night; and Florry's hair is streaked with faint lines of gray. From that morning she mended rapidly. In fact, she often tells me that she woke up about sunrise, that very morning, with a strange sense of relief, as if something had ceased gnawing internally; and—strange coincidence!—it was at that very same hour that I was standing by the lurid conical crater of the old blast furnace. I had conquered the demon of quick consumption; but whether, in that fit of "hypo," I hurled a dead heart, or a red, reeking one into the crater, I would not like to be put upon my oath. Only this I remember—there was blood, or else I fancied it, upon the white napkin in which I carried it that long mile of horror.

The following account of a hairy family appears in the *Indian Daily News*: "The hairy family of Mandalay consists of a woman of about forty-five years of age, a man of twenty, and a girl of eleven, with hair over every part of their faces, forehead, nose, and chin, varying in length from three inches to a foot, and exactly the color and texture of that on a sky-terrier. The hair of their heads, on the contrary, is just the same as on any ordinary Burman; they appear to be quite as intelligent as the ordinary Burmans. The father of the woman was the first of the hairy progeny. He married an ordinary Burman woman, and the issue of the union was the present hairy head of the family. She married an ordinary Burman, and has as issue a son about twenty-three years of age, not hairy, and the boy and girl alluded to. The Burmese explanation of the phenomenon is, to say the least, curious and might possibly possess a special interest for Mr. Darwin. These hairy people would be worth a fortune to the enterprising Barnum if he could get hold of them, but the king will not allow them to go out of his dominions."

NEWS BREVITIES.

Five hundred Portuguese are emigrants to Virginia.

Mexico is said to be like the earth, in that it has a revolution every twenty-four hours.

"I worth is what Kansas sneeringly styles her rival.

The reconstruction of the Vendôme column has been commenced.

The Czar of Russia has permitted the Sisters of Mercy to practice medicine.

They charge twenty-five cents admission to church weddings at Hamilton, O.

A surgeon at Norwich treats cases of bruise or cut with tincture of anarchy.

The Bohemian Diet, about which so much has been said of late, is believed by the uninitiated to a free lunch.

Now that the embroidered sack has become the rage, the young ladies devoutly pray, "Give us this day our daily braid."

The convicts in the Washington Territory Penitentiary complain of the deprivation of tobacco, and appeal to the legislature for relief.

It is difficult to understand why some people concern themselves about their lungs, when their lungs take air of themselves.

Alexis was so young when his father declared emancipation, that there is talk of taking him down to Long Branch for the sake of showing him a surf.

Two hundred and ninety-five spittoons have seen service in the Baltimore Episcopal Convention. These clerical gentlemen must have wrought out an immense amount of salivation.

One of the Sandy Hook pilots, disgusted at the non-arrival of Alexis, determined to bring Scripture to his aid, and shouted several times a day from John xi. 43: "Lazy Russ, come forth!"

The red man has been stirred to deeds of generosity by the Chicago calamity, the various tribes scattered through Pennsylvania having contributed over three hundred dollars for the sufferers.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon's income is stated by a German paper to be \$25,000 a year, which will be increased to \$50,000 by the proceeds of the property recently sold in Spain by the Empress.

A Tennessee woman lately released her husband from the State Prison by walking one hundred and fifty miles to Nashville, with a child in her arms, and asking the Governor to pardon him.

The violinists of Vienna and other Continental capitals are using liquid colophony instead of solid rosin. The mixture, applied with a camel's-hair brush, is said to neither injure the bow nor the strings and to last one hundred hours' playing. It is also stated that the strings give out a clearer note than when solid rosin is used.

They are building a church in Wheatland, Monroe County, N. Y., the material of which is a stone hewn in the neighborhood, which shows the most delicate tracery of petrified vegetation. Ferns, twigs, leaves and limbs of small cedar trees are traced conspicuously and compactly in the formation of the stone.

The Misses Isabella and Melanie Winch, two young English ladies, residing in Paris, have just received from Count de Flaviigny, President of the International Society for affording relief to the sick and wounded in the late war, the bronze Cross of Merit, accompanied by a diploma, setting forth the very useful services rendered by them during the siege, principally at Montrouge, both in the ambulances and on the field of battle.

An unexpected, but gratefully received little treasure of 3,000,000 francs has just tumbled into the depleted treasury of France. A French envoy, one year ago, went up in a balloon from Paris with that amount on his person to purchase arms. He fell at Hennemont, Meuse, then occupied by the Prussians, who, he knew, were pursuing him, and took his wealth to the Abbe Thirion for safe-keeping. That was the last heard of it till its safe return by the honest prebend.

The once celebrated danseuse Fanny Ellsler, is now said to be living quietly at the Hague, occupying most of her time in raising flowers, of which she is passionately fond. Roses are her favorite, and she has raised one particular kind, which has for some time borne her name, and which is much prized in Holland. Though she danced before our grandmothers, she entered only recently on her sixty-first year. She is much esteemed in the Dutch capital for her numerous deeds of charity.

Every Italian officer's wife must have in her own right property yielding her two hundred lire (forty dollars) monthly. No officer is allowed to marry a dowless girl. Of course there are many secret marriages. After Victor Emmanuel's entry into Rome on the 3d of July, when the King pardoned all officers who were married secretly, there was a fine dinner given by several officers of the Bersaglieri corps, at which the hidden unacknowledged wives were brought out and presented to each other with great joy.

A Paris paper says that a gentleman purchasing a number of photographs purporting to be likenesses of some of the female communists now in custody, was surprised to find among them the portrait of his mother-in-law. Having discovered the name of the photographer, the gentleman, accompanied by two police agents, called upon him and extracted from him an avowal that he had availed himself of the negatives of some of his former patrons, least remarkable for personal attractions, in order to form a collection of portraits representing the inmates of the Versailles prisons and the Brest hulks, the sale of which had been extremely large.

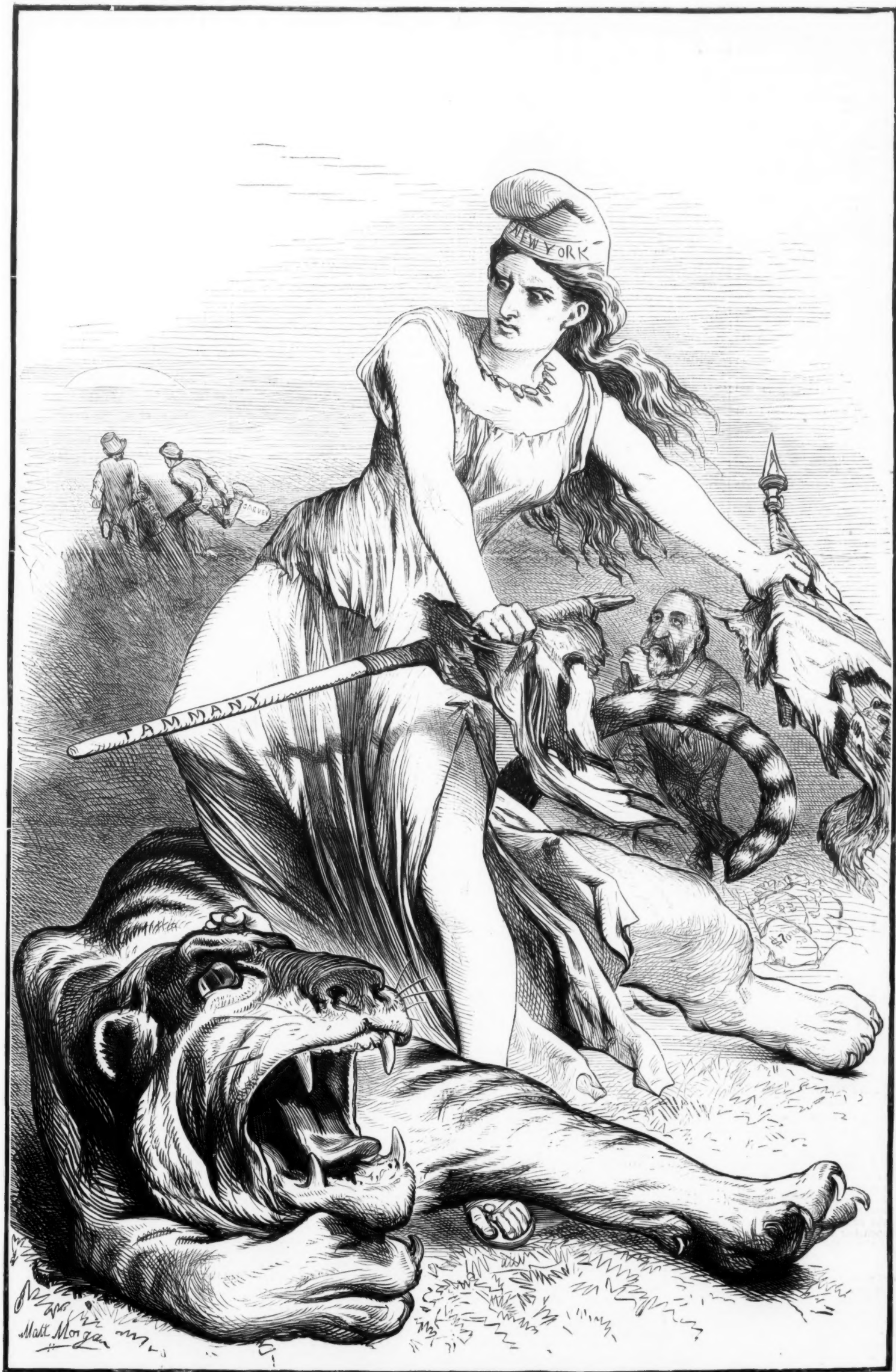
The Hazing Outrage, for which four cadets at the West Point Military Academy were dismissed and two others less severely punished, the other day, was a piece of most wanton cruelty, the perpetrators of which richly deserved the fate it brought upon them. The culprits took one of the newly-arrived cadets from his bed at night, and led him from the building. Here a rope was placed around his neck, the rope thrown over a tree, and the unlucky victim was then hoisted, kept hanging nearly a minute, and then lowered. Again and again was this repeated, until finally excited, trembling, quivering in every nerve, half dead from the pain, the poor fellow was allowed to creep back to bed. The perpetrators of such an outrage deserve to finish their studies in a prison.

The funeral ceremony of the late Chief Justice Norman was the most imposing Calcutta has witnessed in many a year. From four in the afternoon till five, a continuous stream of mourners attended his lordship's house. Members of every nationality and creed congregated to testify to the sincere respect and esteem in which he had been held. The body was laid out in a room on the ground-floor. The face remained uncovered; no traces of the recent agony were visible, and the countenance appeared as though the sufferer had just fallen asleep. At five o'clock a salute of seventeen guns was fired, and the cortege left the house. By command of the Viceroy, the funeral was conducted at the public square, and all high officials and employees were requested to attend.



Rev. Dr. Davies, Bishop of Bath and Wells, Robert L. Bensley, Bishop of Ely, Rev. Prof. E. H. Plumptre, Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, Rev. William Schwyn, D.D., Dr. Ginsburg, Rev. Dr. Douglas, Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., Prof. Weir, Bishop of Llandaff, Bishop of St. David's, Professor Cheney, Rev. J. D. Goden, Rev. Professor Stanley Leathes, W. Adair Wright (Secretary), Rev. Professor John McGill.

ENGLAND.—THE COMMITTEE FOR THE REVISION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, ASSEMBLED IN THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—SEE PAGE 172.



REFORM TRIUMPHANT.

HANNAH'S EVIDENCE.

"WHAT do I charge Hiram with, Judge? Why, to tell half would take too long. For twenty years he's forgotten me, and what he's thought right, I've thought wrong. When we were first married, down to Maine, he treated me well—but then He wasn't mixed up with 'Latter-day Saints' or 'Revelation-men.'"

"My first trouble came when he 'fell from grace' and joined the Mormon band. He broke up our old home in Bangor, and sold off our bit of land. It wasn't much of a place 'tis true, but 'twas all the home we'd known, and our little Mary died there, so I'd kinder fond of it grown."

"Well! we left the place, and came to Salt Lake, away from all I knew. Hiram was soon made a Bishop, and of course I joined the Church, too. But when 'twas revealed that one wife weren't enough, my heart began to ache. And I felt that in turning Mormon I had made a big mistake."

"They sent him abroad, and when he returned, he brought another wife. And fetched the 'critter' into my house, which bred no end of strife. But, I found 'twas useless to fight—there was no law for wives in the State. So I kept my grief to myself, and determined to watch and wait."

"Then came the war, and Uncle Sam had to settle a bigger muss. So I concluded to still keep quiet, and not to make a fuss. You may think it strange how all these years I've contrived to hold my tongue. But remember, Judge! I'd no appeal, unless 'twas to Brigham Young."

"Soon Hiram found two wives weren't enough to make him quite content. And so he 'sealed' another, in Wales, and she out to him was sent. I had no word, or say, in the matter, as you may well suppose. And wife number three was fresh and young, and at me turned up her nose."

"God knows what I put up with! But I had to submit to fate. I lived on hope, and never gave up—a Yankee woman can wait. Hiram took a wife whenever he pleased, and said it was no sin. Though, I swan! he never convinced me; his argument was too thin."

Year after year I bore all this, and never a word of it spoke. But last Summer, the Union troops marched in, and then the ice I broke. I spoke out to other wives—real wives—not second and third-rate trash. And we consulted the general, who told us 'to wait for the crash.'

"'Tis come at last! and you say, 'that the law must be enforced, and shall.' It's 'bout time it was, for these Mormons have fooled many a decent gal. There ain't no slight a man can invent, no such insult to a wife. As to bring another wife to his home, on that I'll stake my life."

"Imprison him? Yes, for twenty years! that's what I want to see! I can't forget that for twenty years he's coolly imprisoned me. It's no good to talk of pity. I'm steel when I think of the past. The Saints showed us wives no mercy, but we're getting our rights at last."

EDWARD GREY (SUNG-TIE).
NEW YORK, November 2d, 1871.

THE WHITE SPECTRE; OR, THE MYSTERIES OF INGESTRE PLACE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER X.—A CRUEL BLOW.

THE funeral did not take place until the second day from that. There was the usual fuss and parade, and "empty mockery of grief"—the usual long line of mourning carriages, for Wales Ingestre had been a person of consequence in the community. Despite her lonely and neglected childhood, Madeline had never felt such a sense of utter desolation as she experienced when the first clouds rattled upon her father's coffin. Now, she was indeed alone, and worse than all the rest, doomed to remain for a season among those who made but very little effort to hide their feelings of enmity and hatred. Her tears fell fast as the long procession filed out of the neglected churchyard. She started up from her seat beside Alicia and raised the blind for a last look at the lonely spot where her parents were laid. A solitary figure stood leaning against the white cross, looking down at the newly-made grave—a man's figure. She recognized it, despite the tears that blinded her eyes.

"There is the gentleman who was so kind to me at the railway-station!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

Mrs. Ingestre lifted a crape veil of marvelous depth, and adjusted her eye-glass.

"What gentleman?" she asked, quickly.

"Mr. Walter Marston."

"Ah!" Her blue eyes brightened into a look of interest. "Where is he?" she asked, trying to speak with perfect composure.

Madeline pointed him out. She remained

with her face glued to the carriage-window until a bend in the road shut that solitary figure in the churchyard from her sight. Then she dropped listlessly into the cushioned seat again.

"That man," she muttered, under her breath. "What is he doing there? and why should he take such an interest in what transpires at Ingestre Place? I can't understand it, and I don't like it. He holds us all under his thumb. Why don't Gustave—"

Mrs. Ingestre never finished the sentence. She suddenly recollected herself, and had recourse to her black-bordered handkerchief, her plump form shaking with violent convulsions of well-simulated grief as the cortege wound onward. What she expected Gustave to do in Mr. Marston's case was best known to herself. Lawyer Green was waiting at the house—a shrewd, bright-eyed man of about forty, with a very plain face, and a very practical, straightforward way of looking at matters in general. Major Le Noir met him as Mrs. Ingestre's exponent.

"Happy to see you, sir," said the affable major, holding out his hand.

Lawyer Green barely touched the extended fingers. "Humph," grunted he. "You received my letter? You know that I am here on business?"

Le Noir gave a brisk little nod. "You came to read the late Mr. Ingestre's will, I suppose?"

"Humph. Yes."

"You have put yourself to useless trouble, I'm afraid. The will has not been found."

The man of law was betrayed into a perceptible start. "Not been found?" he repeated with a keen look at the major from the corners of his dark eyes. "What is the meaning of this? Ingestre might better have left the document with me, as I advised him to do."

"True," assented the major.

"Have you searched his private papers thoroughly?"

"Yes. But I knew that would be useless at the outset. Mr. Ingestre stowed away the will for safe-keeping, and died before he had revealed its hiding-place."

Lawyer Green seemed to be closely studying the round, rosy face of his *vis-à-vis*.

"Strange," said he at last.

"Very strange," put in Major Le Noir. "But you have not heard the oddest part of the story as yet. Mr. Ingestre made a second will the very day of his death, and that, too, is missing. To put the matter in plain words, it has been stolen."

"Humph. Who drew up the document?"

"I did. It was witnessed by the nurse and two of the servants. I placed it in my own strong-box for safe-keeping. Within a few hours afterward it was missing."

Lawyer Green looked incredulous. "This is a singular complication of affairs," said he, rising to go. "I don't see but what the matter must rest as it is for the present. There is a possibility that the will I drew up may be discovered. If it is, and no other has been produced meanwhile, of course I must proceed to carry out the terms of the first document."

"Of course," assented Le Noir.

The lawyer took his departure. Le Noir looked after him, rubbing his plump white hands together, and chuckling audibly. "If I have gained nothing," he muttered, "there's at least the satisfaction of knowing you are no better off than I am."

When Lawyer Green took his departure, he walked thoughtfully along a secluded path that led through a portion of the grounds, and so on to Silverlea, skirting the churchyard at the rear. He had not proceeded many rods when somebody called to him. He looked around, and saw a young lady, dressed in black, hurrying toward him through the shrubbery.

It was Madeline. She came up panting and out of breath. "You are Lawyer Green?" said she, speaking with singular abruptness.

He merely nodded.

"Old Betty, one of the servants in whom I have considerable confidence, told me it was you," she went on, rapidly. "She advised me to have some talk with you, and said it was you who drew up my father's will."

The lawyer brightened into a show of interest. "Am I speaking to Miss Madeline Ingestre?" he asked.

"That is my name."

"I did draw up a will for your father, about two weeks since," he then said.

"I knew it," still speaking rapidly, and in a tone of suppressed excitement. "He told me of it with his dying breath, and that I was his heiress."

"Did he tell you that?" Lawyer Green questioned, recalling what Major Le Noir had said of a more recent will.

"Yes. But," with a faint attempt at a smile, "you must not imagine it is the money I am thinking about. I want my father's wishes carried out so far as they can be, and I want a home at Ingestre Place. That is all. Papa had hidden the will you made out. He tried to tell me where to look for it, but speech failed him too soon."

Then she went on to relate all that had happened the night of Wales Ingestre's death. Lawyer Green listened attentively to the end, the suspicion he had entertained from the first that his client had never made a second will, despite Major Le Noir's assertion to that effect, growing stronger and stronger in his mind.

"I thought you might help me, perhaps, in the search I shall make for the missing document," Madeline said, in conclusion. "You may be enabled to unravel the riddle of that triangular figure that has been such a puzzle to me."

He did not reply at once. "I can only help you by offering a few suggestions," he said, finally. "I do not know what particular spot your father wished to designate by the triangle. But, when you have solved that enigma, you have, without doubt, found the will. First of all, search thoroughly the desks and cabinets.

That figure may merely mean the relative position of the drawers, or it may mean something wholly disconnected with them. Find out what room was most frequently used by your father, and pursue your investigations in all parts of that room. Sound the walls, and search the closets—look everywhere. I have been told that Ingestre Place is full of odd hiding-places and it is in one of these, doubtless, that the will is to be found."

"The search shall be as thorough as I can make it," said Madeline.

"You must keep me posted in regard to your progress. Should you be successful in your quest, say nothing to anybody, but bring the will directly to me. Above all, don't trust Major Le Noir."

"I hate him in spite of his smooth ways," Madeline said, with an involuntary shiver. "I believe him to be a thoroughly bad man."

Lawyer Green smiled at her vehemence. "So much the better, my dear young lady. You will be less likely to be humbugged by him. But I must say good-morning. They are looking for me in a certain dismal little office in Lincoln Street, I suppose. Do we part friends, Miss Madeline?"

"Yes, friends and allies," said she, cordially, extending to him her hand.

"Thanks." His homely face brightened, and he gave her a pleasant little nod. "Don't trust Major Le Noir," were his last words to her as he went away. "Don't trust Major Le Noir, and pursue your investigations as secretly as may be."

Madeline resolved to be guided by his advice. For two or three days, until the first poignancy of her grief for her father had worn away, she made no direct move in the matter. She had not the heart to begin in earnest the quest she had undertaken.

Mrs. Ingestre was very kind to her, very gracious. She took especial pains to divert the lonely girl from all contemplation of her sorrow. She was even ostentatious in her attentions, and permitted no opportunity to pass of exhibiting her friendliness. This change in her stepmother puzzled Madeline, and only filled her with deeper distrust of the wily woman. She could not be led to forget the treachery of that first night of her arrival, and the horrible words she had overheard.

Major Le Noir was polite, courteous, even tenderly solicitous, at times. Not so with Alicia. She acted out her real sentiments more freely than the others, and from the afternoon of their drive to Silverlea, was barely civil, avoiding her half-sister as much as possible.

When the late dinner was over, the fourth day subsequent to the funeral, Mrs. Ingestre requested an audience with Madeline. She led the way to a pleasant little boudoir opening from the back parlor, where she established herself among the azure velvet cushions of a *fauteuil*, signing for her stepdaughter to take a seat opposite.

"My dear," she began, in her soft, purring accents, "I wish to discuss with you the plans you have made for the future."

"Yes, madame," said Madeline, quietly.

"May I ask the nature of those plans?"

"I have not matured any, as yet."

"Ah!" her tone slightly expressive of surprise. "I took it for granted you must know what you were going to do after leaving Ingestre Place."

Madeline looked up quickly. "Am I to be sent away?" she asked.

"Not unless it is your choice to go," replied her stepmother, smiling sweetly. "But I did not imagine you would wish to remain, under existing circumstances."

"What do you mean?"

The question was sharp and decided. Mrs. Ingestre elevated her eyebrows the least bit in the world.

"My dear," said she, "don't compel me to bring up a very disagreeable subject."

"I am not afraid of disagreeable subjects. And I insist on being dealt frankly with."

"Well, then, if I must," heaving a sigh of resignation. "You know as well as I do that your father and I have always objected to your coming home and taking your place as a member of the family."

"I know that my poor papa was influenced by you in the matter."

Mrs. Ingestre paid no attention to this little thrust. She went on in her smooth, affable way, as if retelling the nicest tidbit of gossip in the world.

"Of course there must have been a reason for our objections. There was a reason. I had a daughter growing up to womanhood. I did not consider you a suitable associate for her! Forgive the words, for you have forced them from me!"

Madeline started to her feet, ghastly white.

"This is not the first time such words have been flung at my head," she burst forth, passionately. "Explain them, madame. I will not be put off any longer."

Mrs. Ingestre's lips were not easy of control, now. "Compose yourself," she said, catching her breath sharply. "Compose yourself, and I will then tell you more, if you insist upon it."

"I am calm enough to listen. Go on."

"In the first place, you ought to know that I overheard what passed between you and Betty in the hall, a few days since. She lied to you when she spoke of your mother. She kept back the disgraceful truth—for your good, no doubt, but still it was kept back."

"The truth?" repeated Madeline, vehemently. "What is it? Speak!"

She laid both hands on her stepmother's arm, such was her earnestness to learn more. Mrs. Ingestre shrank from her touch with a shiver of real terror.

"Listen," said the crafty woman. "Your mother grew up an orphan, with nobody to control her actions. She was wild and headstrong. When she met your dead papa, then a young man, she became infatuated after him.

It isn't an easy story to tell, especially to you. Perhaps you had better not hear it."

"Go on!" exclaimed Madeline, violently agitated.

"I do not bear your papa out in the course he took, remember. Here was a passionate woman throwing herself in the dust at his feet. He had his reasons for not wishing to marry her. She loved him above her own honor and good name—you can guess what happened—I spare you the pain of hearing the recital. They lived together happily enough until after you were born. But at last, as was natural, your father tired of this woman who had thrown herself away on him—"

"And then?"

"And then your mother came to a realizing sense of her folly. The man for whose sake she had sacrificed everything no longer loved her. The shock must have driven her frantic. Nothing could be done to comfort her. She left you, a babe, sleeping in your cradle one oppressive afternoon of Summer. She went out, when nobody was by to see, and crept toward the river. A few days later, a corpse was brought up to the house, swollen and discolored past all recognition."

Madeline stood staring at the woman with wild, wide-open eyes. She seemed paralyzed, at first; she could neither speak nor move.

"It was not your fault, of course—the misfortune of your birth," Mrs. Ingestre resumed, after a momentary pause. "But can you wonder that I was anxious to keep you and Alicia apart? Your papa pitied you for your lonely lot, and so did I. But how could we help you? The shame of the story is told. Knowing it, you can remain at Ingestre Place or not, just as you choose. But it will be a bitter blow to Alicia if you do remain."

That soft, sweet voice died away. Madeline never once dreamed of doubting the story to which she had listened. She shook off the spell that held her powerless; the frozen blood began to course afresh in her veins; she turned.

"I shall go!" she cried out, violently. "Of course I shall go!"

She wrenched open the door and went out. Mrs. Ingestre called to her, but she did not heed the call. She was wild—delirious, almost—with shame and anguish. Unused to the world, unused to coping with wily and unprincipled adversaries, it could not be expected that she would pause to reason calmly upon what she had heard.

She made for the open air. A light scarf hung on a peg in the hall. She took it down, flinging it carelessly over her head. Then she walked out into the sunshiny glory of the afternoon, swiftly and silently.

CHAPTER XI.—MADELINE'S FRIENDS.

BIRDS were singing, and the air was full of sweet scents and pleasant sounds. But Madeline hurried on, unconscious of them all. A terrible burden of humiliation and misery seemed to be weighing down her heart. She neither knew nor cared whither she was going, but walked on faster and faster, only experiencing an overmastering desire to get away as far as possible from that soft, subtle voice which still rung in her ears like the knell of hope and happiness.

The idea of disgrace was terrible. The burden of it became almost intolerable. It humbled her as nothing else could have done. It even made her forget her duty to the dead, for the time-being. Alicia's insinuations had pained and distressed her, but not in the same measure as did these assertions of her stepmother's—these terrible assertions from which there seemed no escape.

Though taking no thought whither her footsteps were tending, some fatality led her in the direction of the churchyard. She went in at the creaking gate, and wended her way along the neglected walks where sickly-looking spears of grass had pushed through the gravel here and there. She reached the far-away corner where was the burial-place of the Ingestres, at last.

Among the long graves, beside the stone cross that marked her mother's grave, she dropped faint and exhausted. Blessed tears came to relieve her burning eyeballs; she sobbed aloud; she wrung her hands, calling on God to comfort and support her.

No step had stirred the scented grasses, but the sound of a voice suddenly startled her—a marvelously sweet voice that thrilled her through and through. She raised her head, to find her mysterious friend, Walter Marston, standing beside her.

"Madeline, why do you weep?" he asked, gently stroking her hair.

"Because I am very, very wretched," she answered, suppressing all signs of surprise at his sudden appearance.

"What has happened? You know I am your friend. Will you not tell me?"

She met the fixed gaze of his keen but kindly eyes. The man inspired her with instinctive trust. She even longed to confide in him.

"I'm afraid you would not be interested in my grievances," she faltered.

"Dear child, tell me everything. Have I not sworn to help you?"

Her hesitation was at an end. Between stifled sobs, she told him the whole story of Alicia's covert insinuations and Mrs. Ingestre's open assertions—a story that was bitter to tell than any other could have been, since it involved the fair fame of the mother whose memory she cherished so fondly.

Mr. Marston listened in a state of the most violent agitation. His lips trembled, his bright eyes sparkled. He could not remain quiet, but began to pace rapidly backward and forward beside the railing that shut in the narrow inclosure. Even when Madeline had said all she wished to say, he did not pause directly in his rapid walk, but took two or three additional turns, as if struggling to regain his wonted serenity before he spoke.

At last he turned, coming directly to Made-

line's side. "I have heard you through," said he, gravely. "I am not surprised at this new move of your enemies. They are bad and desperate enough for anything."

"Then, you do not believe what my step-mother told me?" interrupted Madeline, eagerly.

"I did not say that."

"You know the history of the past?"

"Your mother's history?"

"Yes."

"I do. But it is a history that must not be put into words just yet. The time is not ripe. All will be well eventually. You can afford to wait."

Madeline caught his hand. She looked beseechingly into his kindly face. "Are you not going to tell me what I wish to know?" she cried.

"Not yet." It cost him an effort to say these words, but he spoke them firmly.

"This doubt tortures me. I cannot bear it. My mother—must I blush to speak her name?"

Mr. Marston averted his face. Some minutes went by before he replied to her question.

"No," said he, earnestly; "as heaven hears me, that woman has been terribly maligned. Some day the truth will be known, perhaps. Mrs. Ingestre has distorted facts to suit her own purpose. I tell you what I know to be the truth. Your poor mother was more sinned against than sinning, and even Mrs. Ingestre is not without blame in the matter. She was terribly persecuted, and driven to some mad actions. But when you have said that, you've said the very worst that can be said of her."

"You give me life and courage again."

"Do I? Then, my mission here is ended. Go back to Ingestre Place and take up the duties of life bravely. Do not think of the past at all, if you can help it. By-and-by all this doubt and trouble will be ended. Be patient, and—hope."

"I will," said Madeline.

"You have always a friend in me. If danger menaces, I shall be near to succor you. Trust me, my child."

"I do trust you."

And so they parted. Madeline slowly left the churchyard. This meeting had done her a world of good. The wordless agony was all gone. She was brave and strong and hopeful again, though her face still betrayed signs of recent tears.

She was just closing the gate, when a hasty step sounded behind her. She looked over her shoulder half fearfully, afraid she had been watched and followed. To her infinite surprise and consternation, she saw Philip Lennox.

He had come to a stop, and stood regarding her fixedly. Obeying a natural impulse, she faced him, though painfully conscious that, with her disordered dress and swollen eyes, she was hardly in a presentable condition.

He was first to recover himself. "I saw a lady coming through the churchyard, but had no idea it was you, Miss Madeline."

She stammered some unintelligible words in reply. He was looking earnestly at her, and that fact did not tend to reassure her.

"You have been crying," said he, abruptly.

"Will you not tell me the cause of your grief?"

His tone was earnest, but respectful—such a tone as a brother might speak to a sister in.

"If I can be of service, Miss Madeline, I hope you will speak freely to me, in spite of our very brief acquaintance."

"I do not think you can help me, sir," Madeline replied.

"Then, you will not trust to my friendship?"

This was said reproachfully. Madeline felt herself drawn to a confession, in spite of her better judgment. It was madness to think of confiding in one who was almost an utter stranger—and Alicia's friend, too. But there was a mesmerism about the man that compelled her to speak freely.

"I am alone in the world," said she, sorrowfully. "They do not want me at Ingestre Place—my stepmother and Alicia. They are not kind to me, at least at all times. They look upon me as an intruder. Alicia even taunts me with my birth, as if it was less honorable than her own. It all makes me very wretched—so wretched, that I do not care to live!"

At another time, and in another frame of mind, Madeline would not have spoken of her grievances so freely. But even Mr. Marston's comforting words had not taken away the bitterness and pain of Mrs. Ingestre's revelation. It seemed as if Mr. Lennox must learn the truth concerning her, sooner or later, and she was just reckless and miserable enough to blurt it out in a few broken words.

"He shall learn the worst there is to tell, and learn it from me," she thought.

Mr. Lennox looked surprised and a little shocked. "The first Mrs. Ingestre was your mother?" said he.

"Yes."

"And you are older than Alicia, of course?"

"I suppose I am."

"It is very strange that she should reproach you with your birth. How old are you?"

He put the question very abruptly, and Madeline replied to it without a suspicion of his motive in asking it.

"Eighteen."

"And Alicia is nearly that. She told me so, herself."

He seemed bewildered. "There is something wrong here," he thought. "To whom does this disgrace attach—Alicia, or this poor trembling creature?"

But he said nothing of what was passing in his mind. After a moment's thinking, he turned again to Madeline.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

She was confused. "My stepmother said something that drove me nearly wild," she faltered. "I—I ran away."

He smiled. "Were you going off altogether?"

"I don't know."

"Poor child!"

"I have no thought of going, now. I met a friend in the churchyard. He talked with me

as you have talked—kindly and pleasantly. He made me ashamed of my cowardice in seeking to flee from trouble."

"Who was your friend?"

"Mr. Walter Marston."

"Ah!"—his accent expressing surprise—"a sweet-voiced old man? A strange being who comes and goes, and tells nobody why he lives such an odd, incomprehensible life?"

"Yes."

"I know him. And I think you may trust that man, Miss Madeline."

"I do trust him."

"Incomprehensible as he is, I am glad you have made a friend of him. He is likely to be of service to you, should you ever need his help."

"He has promised to befriend me."

"That is well."

Madeline looked at the young man earnestly.

"What do you know of him?" she asked.

"Not much; nor does anybody else, for that matter. There is some mystery or other connected with his life. He seems to wonder here and there, for I have met him in scores of places, widely apart. Marston is an assumed name, no doubt."

"And this is all you can tell me!"

"Nearly all. But there are strange stories afloat concerning him."

"To what purport?"

"People say that he has made a vow of vengeance for some real or fancied wrong, and only lives to keep that vow."

She shivered. "I should be sorry to think that, and he so good and kind. It does not seem like him."

"We do not know what provocation he may have had."

Madeline answered nothing. She turned to go, feeling that she had lingered too long already. Mr. Lennox observed the movement.

"I am going up to Ingestre Place," said he.

"Shall we walk on together?"

"If you wish."

Twilight was falling, purple and dim. White mists were already beginning to creep up the valley. Madeline drew her scarf closer, a sudden chill coming over her. It seemed like going back to the shadow and darkness again, to return to those people among whom she had been so unhappy.

They walked on quite slowly. "Alicia will be surprised to see us coming back together," said Mr. Lennox.

"Yes," Madeline thought she would not be altogether pleased, but did not say so.

"Do you know I am very glad that we chanced to meet each other?" he said, suddenly.

"Why?"

"Our accidental encounter has led to words on your part that you might never have spoken had we met in the ordinary way."

"True."

"They have led me to know there must be a fellow-feeling between you and me. Our histories have some points in common. You are alone in the world—so am I."

She looked at him with a stare of bewilderment.

"Are you, too, friendless?" she asked.

"Almost. I have no right even to the name I bear. Worse than that, I do not know what name properly belongs to me. I am a cast-off waif."

His tone was slightly bitter. Madeline regarded him with new interest. Those last words of his seemed to bring him nearer to her. Her heart warmed toward him as it had not warmed before.

"I am very sorry," said she.

"Shall I tell you something of my history?"

"If you will."

"The recital will not take many minutes. I was brought up by a poor woman who knew no more of my history than I did. Circumstances seemed to show that I had been cast off by wealthy relatives. Large sums of money were sent me at stated periods, during my boyhood, but with one exception, never any scrap of writing. The exception of which I speak was merely a request that I should obtain a thorough education, such as might fit me to earn my own living."

"Was any name signed to the paper?"

"No. Nor was there any clue by which the writer might be traced, save a mutilated post-mark which seemed to spell out Silverlea."

Madeline was becoming interested. "What town did you live in?" she asked.

"Brompton, nearly a hundred miles from here. My foster-mother was called Dame Gregory, and I took her name, since I had none of my own."

"Alicia introduced you as Mr. Lennox."

"Yes. When I was eighteen, a wealthy gentleman of that name took a fancy to me and adopted me."

"Yours is a strange history."

"It is. The secret of my birth is one I have never been able to discover. For several years, indeed, I made no effort. My relatives had cast me off, and I felt no desire to discover them. I even took every possible precaution to withhold from them the name of the man who had adopted me, for I felt resentful."

"Did they ever seek to trace you?"

"Not that I am aware I am not sure that they know I ever left Dame Gregory, for the remittances are still kept up."

"You wish, now, to learn something of your unknown relatives?"

"Yes," said Mr. Lennox, gravely, "for my adopted father is dead, and I am left alone in the world. That is why I am come to Silverlea, to pursue the investigation here. The handwriting, which may have been disguised, and the mutilated post-mark, are all that I have to guide me in my quest."

"You have been here before?"

"Once, only, and that some months since."

"Where did you make Alicia's acquaintance?"

"At Malvern Hill, a country town, where she finished her education."

Silence followed. "I hope you will find your relatives," said Madeline, at last. "It isn't pleasant to feel oneself alone in the world."

"You know that by sad experience?"

"I do."

He drew nearer her side. "You and I ought to be very good friends, Miss Madeline," said he, speaking earnestly.

His eyes said a great deal more. Madeline frankly gave him her hand. She already felt perfect confidence in this new-found acquaintance.

FEEDING, CLOTHING AND REBUILDING CHICAGO.

The amount of relief, in different forms, that has reached Chicago since her great calamity, is immense. While it affords the utmost pleasure to acknowledge the foresight and generosity of a sympathetic public in this matter, we sincerely trust that, as the excitement subsides, and business-houses spring into healthy being from the ashes, the people's contributions will evince no diminution.

The cool winds that sweep down upon us from the north are keen, indeed, to these unfortunate men and women. Under the most favorable circumstances, it will be many months before that vast population can emerge from its destitution. In the meantime, there are thousands of bodies to be clothed and housed, and thousands of stomachs to be appeased with invigorating food. The liberality of the public is unsurpassed, but it should not be allowed to die out until this people can advance themselves to a self-sustaining position.

We have before mentioned the highly practical form of the relief tendered by the city of Cincinnati. As soon as the extent of the conflagration became known, the leading citizens determined to forward the materials for erecting, furnishing and operating a huge "Soup-house." A site was selected at No. 99 Peoria Street, and the establishment has been supplying the nutritious liquid for several weeks.

The present capacity of the boilers is about four thousand gallons per day. The soup is composed of beef, beans, rice, barley, and the customary vegetables. During the Winter it is probable that a larger quantity will be prepared daily, as the sum of \$25,000 of the Cincinnati Relief Fund was reserved for this purpose.

The people come at regular hours with buckets, pithers, pails and other useful vessels, and receive their share in the distribution. Occasionally little groups of men, women and children, whose only means of subsistence is that which comes from the Relief Committee, partake of their portion of soup within the building. This establishment is maintained exclusively by Cincinnati, whose generosity is the subject of unqualified thanksgiving.

The West Side Skating Rink, on the corner of Randolph and Ada Streets, is one of the noticeable features of the day. All clothing and food, in bulk, arriving at the depôts, is conveyed immediately to this place, where a large company of ladies and gentlemen are working like bees. Bins, tables, etc., have been erected on the floor of the Rink, and as the boxes arrive they are opened, their contents thrown into the long central bin, and after being assorted, are placed in separate compartments.

Citizens having their applications for clothing, food, or other necessities, properly endorsed, go to the district stations, where requisitions are daily made on the general dépôt at the Rink. Large orders are filled as rapidly as the operation of assorting will permit, and the required quantity driven to the different stations, where the individual distributions are made.

To further show the operations of relief in the city, we append the following circulars: The first is a requisition for lumber for building purposes, which requires the endorsement of a responsible party.

District No.....

HEADQUARTERS OF SHELTER COMMITTEE,
409 WEST WASHINGTON STREET.

1. Name.....
2. Former Residence.....
3. Where Located now.....
4. Number of Family.....
5. If burned out.....
6. Do you own lot or lease.....
7. Location of lot where you will build.....
8. What occupation.....
9. Do you want work.....
10. Refer to whom.....
11. Are you Insured—what Co.....
12. Had you any money in Bank.....
13. What Bank—Amt. in Bank.....
14. Any other property.....

I fully endorse the above.

Name.....
Place of business or residence.....

This blank being properly filled out, is presented to Mr. Avery, Chairman of the Committee, who places it on file, and gives in exchange an order on some dealer, as the following:

No.....

OFFICE OF SHELTER COMMITTEE,
409 WEST WASHINGTON ST.

MESSRS.....

Please deliver to Mr.....dollars' worth of Lumber, and charge to our account.

Chairman.

Per.....

In order to hasten the erection of temporary buildings for the destitute, the subjoined estimate of the amount of materials required for a comfortable structure has been issued:

SHELTER COMMITTEE.

HOUSE WITH ONE ROOM.

Dimensions.	
Size.....	12 x 16
Height of Sides.....	8 feet
Studs.....	16 feet from centres
Material.	
Studs.....	52 pieces..... 2x4—8
Joist for 2 floors.....	18 "..... 2x6—12
Rafters.....	10 "..... 2x4—8
Sills.....	2 "..... 2x6—16
Plates and Ridge.....	3 "..... 2x4—16
Girders.....	4 "..... 2x4—16
Sides.....	500 feet..... 8 ft. Boards
Floor.....	300 "..... matched 16 ft. "
" attic.....	200 "..... rough 16 ft. "
Roof.....	500 "..... 8 ft. "
Battens.....	66 pieces
Door and Frame.....	
Two Windows and Frames.....	
Door Trimmings.....	
30 lbs. 10d. Nails.....	5 lbs. 20d. Nails. 5 lbs. 8d. Nails.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS SCHONBERG, the belle of Philadelphia, is to appear in opera.

MISS CUSHMAN, Charles Mathews and Herr Wachtel are each above sixty years of age.

THE Tiebhorne Baronetcy case is to be made into an opera.

MISS ANNIE B. STARBIRD, of Portland, Me., now in Florence, has accepted an offer to sing in opera at Milan, during the carnival season.

HOWARD PAUL and wife have "adapted" their entertainment into French, and given it at Baden-Baden.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG, the pianist, will return to this country shortly, and make her reappearance at the Harvard Symphony concerts.

GOUNOD, the composer, refuses to return to Paris. He likes the climate of Southern England, and thinks of settling there permanently.

THE New York Harmonic Society is now preparing for a recital of "The Messiah," to occur, with Mr. Dolby's artists as the soloists, at Steinway Hall.

MISS MADGE ROBERTSON, the sister of the late dramatist, has been giving a delightful performance of *Rosalind*, in "As You Like It," at the Haymarket Theatre.

PROFESSOR STEWART, of Dublin, has composed the music to an ode, "A Tribute from Ireland to America," which is to be performed at the World's Peace Jubilee, in Boston, next summer.

A NEW and rather startling scheme is announced from Paris in connection with the *Matinées Littéraires* of M. Ballande. It is proposed to give a series of representations of the most correct *chefs-d'œuvre* of the drama, to which women only will be admitted.

IN "The Huguenots," brought out at the Stadt Theatre, New York, November 6th, Miss Pauline Goussa appeared as the *Queen* with much credit. Herr Wachtel's singing was the prominent feature and his efforts in the duet of the fourth act were loudly applauded.

ROSE HERSEE and Mr. Nordblom are members of the English opera company performing at the St. James's Theatre, London. Nordblom, who it will be remembered was Parepa-Rosa's second tenor last year, doubtless fills a similar position in this company, as Sims Reeves is one of its members.

AFTER a brief but highly pleasing engagement at Brooklyn, Miss Charlotte Cushman has made her bow before an appreciative Boston audience, in the Globe Theatre. Her *Meg Merrilies*, *Queen Catharine* and *Lady Macbeth*, are dramatic treats that the public seldom have an opportunity of enjoying in such thorough perfection.

At the Academy of Music Mlle. Nilsson appeared last Friday evening as *Martha*, supported by the new tenor, M. Capoul. In this buoyant comedy rôle, Mlle. Nilsson proved even more acceptable than in her heavier tragic ones. Certainly a more bright and charming representative our stage has never seen. She was throughout well supported.

THE success of Mr. Sothorn, at Niblo's, more than justifies the predictions made in this paper previous to his appearance. "Standing-room only," has nightly met the eyes of tarty couples. The reproduction of "Our American Cousin," with Mr. Sothorn in his unequalled rôle of *Lord Dundreary*, is the most noticeable feature of the early dramatic season.

THE Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Alois Sennefelder, the inventor of lithography, was celebrated on Monday, November 6th, at Irving Hall, by a vocal and instrumental concert, in which Miss A. Sterling, Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. Remmertz, and Herr Carl Bergmann, with an orchestra, took part. The concert was followed by a ball, which was attended by a large number of prominent German citizens and their families.

THE Administrative Committee of the Royal Philharmonic Society of Brussels has issued the programme of *fêtes* to be given during the season of 1871-72. It consists of six dramatic performances at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, four at the Théâtre des Galeries Saint Hubert, two at the Théâtre du Parc and at the Théâtre Molière, five grand balls, of which three are to be masked balls, and five musical soirées in the Hall of the Philharmonic Society.

MR. JOHN E. OWENS—an actor who never fails to win the heartiest appreciation of the public—has returned to Booth's Theatre, where his *Caleb Plummer*, in the "Cricket on the Hearth," has caused large audiences to weep and laugh by turns. A hearty vein of humor runs through the piece, while here and there are sympathetic situations which, in their stunted rendition, make one feel a deeper interest in the associations of every-day home life.

M. FOSELLI has announced to the French Academy of Sciences that he has succeeded in producing an amount of cold just below zero of the Fahrenheit scale, by simple mechanical action creating rapid evaporation. He employs a wheel formed of a spiral tube, both ends of which are open, set vertically and half immersed in the fluid to be cooled, so that the latter passes constantly through the whole length of the tube, half of which is constantly above the liquid, and being wet gives rise to active evaporation and consequent refrigeration within it. The evaporation is increased by a small fan. The principle of which M. Fosselli here avails himself is of course well known, but the multiplication of the points of evaporation by mechanical arrangement, according to the method which he has originated, is certainly ingenious; and in hot, dry weather even a disk of iron turning rapidly in liquid would produce refrigeration.



CHICAGO.—INTERIOR OF THE CINCINNATI SOUP-HOUSE, ON PEORIA STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

HON. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN.

MR. WASHBURN, the Governor-elect of Massachusetts, is a native of Winchendon, in that State, where he was born January 31st, 1820. His studies preparatory to entering college were pursued at the Groton Academy, and with such success that he was enabled to graduate with high honors from Yale when twenty-four years of age. Mr. Washburn's political career commenced in 1850, being then elected to the Senate of his native State. Four years later he was sent to the House. He pledged his political faith to the Republican party in 1856, and has from that year been one of its staunchest supporters. Popular in his Congressional District, dignified and generous in all his associations, and possessing an eminently practical mind, his promotion to a seat in the United States House of Representatives was but a matter of time. His first election was to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and the best evidence of his competency for legislative life is the fact that he was re-elected every ensuing two years. He has seen service on several important committees, and in all his advanced positions has exhibited ripe scholarship and a progressive mind.

THE COURT-HOUSE BELL,
CHICAGO.

THE Court-House bell, which for so many years had given hourly warning of the flight of time, rung forth joyous peals in honor of military and civil victories, told of the presence of fire in the city, and sounded the death-toll of the distinguished dead, now lies an almost shapeless mass, surrounded by heaps of brick, mortar and stone, in the east wing of the Court-house. On the fatal Sunday night, the old bell, even while surrounded by fire, sounded a solemn, continuous and final peal; and those who heard it above the din produced by falling walls, the hoarse roaring of the flames, the crackling of falling embers, and the shouts and screams of alarmed citizens, say they will never forget how awful the sound appeared. Scarcely had the bell cooled, after the fire, when hundreds of curiosity-hunters went in search of it, armed with cold-chisels and hammers. As a consequence, about two-thirds of the metal has disappeared. Pieces of it have sold at high figures, while others have found their way by mail to neighboring cities, to be converted into rings, scarf-pins, brooches, etc.

THE OLD TESTAMENT REVISION
COMPANY,

AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In this number we present our readers with an engraving representing the meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber (at Westminster Abbey) of the Company engaged in the revision of the Bible.

The Committee appointed by the Convocation of Canterbury met for the first time on the 6th of May, 1870, and at once divided itself into two Companies; then, according to the resolutions passed, invited the co-operation of eminent divines and scholars, irrespective, to a great extent, of their religious opinions, or the bodies to which they might belong. The Old Testament Company, consisting of about twenty-five members, began its sittings in the July of last year, and the arrangement is, to sit once in two months, for ten days consecutively.

Among the general principles as settled by resolution is one "to introduce as few alterations as possible in the text of the authorized version, consistently with faithfulness, and in all alterations to follow as far as possible the style of the language of authorized and earlier English versions."

All members are supplied beforehand with large sheets of paper, on which the portion of the authorized version is pasted, leaving a large margin on either side, so that they may bring their suggestions, written thereon, to the meetings.

The Jerusalem Chamber, in which the Old Testament Revision Company holds its sittings, has its share in the historical associations of

Westminster Abbey. It was part of the old abbot's residence, adjoining and connected with the Abbey, and used as a private apartment or guest-chamber.

It was probably the scene of the conspiracy against the first Lancastrian king, as it was also the scene of his death. It took its name from the tapestries and pictures of the history of Jerusalem. Our engraving shows a part of this interesting chamber, and the majority of the Old Testament Company of Revision. The chairman is Dr. Thirlwall, the well-known historian, Bishop of St. David's.

MUSIC ON THE WING.

We are conscious of having committed no offense for which we should be punished day after day by a class of beings who have no regard for editorial placidity. Just across the street, five men, attired after the picturesque fashion of Joseph when he went unto his brethren, are doing their best to make a single verse of the "Marseillaise" last half an hour. A few doors off is another affliction, in the form of a hand-organ, that has not been oiled for a year; the troubadour, dividing his attention

between grinding and scratching his teeth on a Pan flute, prolongs the agony by stopping every few minutes to wipe his lips. On an opposite corner is a group of overgrown boys, with a harp that once through Pearl Street occasioned a shower of coals, and several violins that have twanked their fury for generations.

It is impossible to subtract these vile-harmonic serenaders from our population and have any quietness left. Pitcher after pitcher has been emptied upon their heads, but such music was not created to be drowned. Pieces of kindling wood have been donated for their families, but "those gentle throats that wake the Spring" never skip a note. Pennies have been thrown them, but, like the undertaker's apprentice, who nearly ruined his master by appearing jolly when his salary was increased, they struggled with the divine art harder than ever.

Day after day we see the same faces, and are obliged to witness the same musical gymnastics, with no means of relief. If we order them to desist, they express doubts of their ability to perform such a piece, but will try; and then come groanings that cannot be uttered by mortal being alone.

Look at the engraving of one of these groups, and the man with the harp. Owing to our frequent sprinklings, he has had no occasion to have his linen coat washed since he first put it on. He is the vocalist of the party, and this is how he sings:

"Oh give me music, for my soul is faint;
I'm tired of noise and care. And now my ear
Longs for some note of peace—some dying plaint
That may the spirit from its cell unsphere."

And then his companions discharge their violence, while their youthful auditors describe all positions of athletic power with vocal modulations that are sure to bring a horse on his haunches.

Our return of the compliment does not half express our appreciation of these efforts; but if this instantaneous view does not purchase exemption for the future, we shall have occasion to recite the first part of the response of the Litany many times a day.

WHY NEW JERSEY WAS CALLED
A FOREIGN COUNTRY.

THE origin of the allusions to New Jersey as a foreign country is said to be as follows: After the downfall of the first Napoleon, his brother Joseph, who had been King of Spain, and his nephew, Murat, son of the King of Italy, sought refuge in this country, and brought much wealth with them. Joseph Bonaparte wished to build a palatial residence here, but did not desire to become a citizen, as he hoped to return to Europe. To enable him, as an alien, to hold real estate, a special act of legislature was required. He tried to get one passed for his benefit in several States, but failed. He was much chagrined, especially because Pennsylvania refused. After this he applied to the



CHICAGO.—THE COURT-HOUSE BELL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHAW.

New Jersey Legislature, which body granted both him and Murat the privilege of purchasing land. The two bought a tract at Bordentown, and built magnificent dwellings, and fitted them up in the most costly manner. Rare paintings, statuary, etc., were profuse, and selected with care, and the grounds laid out with exquisite taste.

Joseph Bonaparte's residence was perhaps the finest in America. Thousands of people visited it from all parts of the country, and were always treated courteously. He was liberal with his money, and gave a great impetus to business in the little town. The Philadelphians, finding that he had apparently no end of money and that he used it to benefit business generally, regretted, when it was too late, that they had refused to let him locate among themselves; and, to keep up their mortification, would always taunt Jersey men with having a king—with importing the King of Spain to rule over them; they were called Spaniards and foreigners on this account. But these taunts harmed no one, as the Jersey men lost nothing by their alluring him to settle among them; and the term "foreigner," jokingly applied to Jersey men, has come down to us long after its origin has been forgotten, except by a few men of the past generation. Many years ago—during the reign of Louis Philippe, we believe—both Bonaparte and Murat found they could safely return to Europe, so they sold out and returned.

A SWEDISH LEGEND.

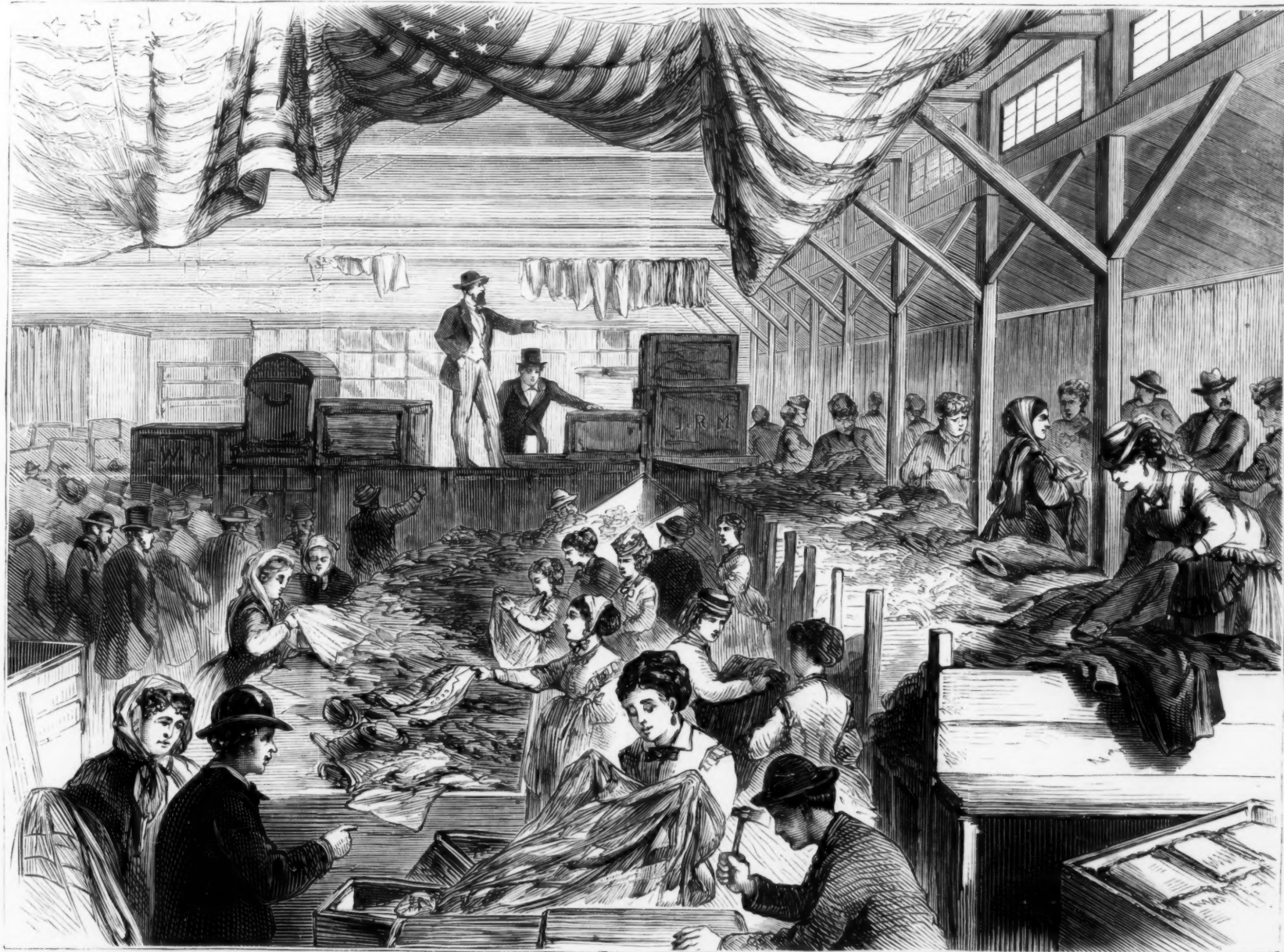
The province of Smoland in Sweden is famous for a tradition conferring sundry honors and privileges upon its community. Five cantons which form the southern portion of this province bear the name of Weland, signifying defense. There is a legend in connection with the wars between Sweden and Denmark before the two kingdoms were united, telling of the patriotic deed of a Weland girl named Blinda, a medieval Judith of the North. All the fighting men of Weland were afield, awaiting the Danes, when a detachment of

the army of invaders unexpectedly appeared in Smoland. Blinda, a patrician Swede, left in command of her father's or husband's castle (the legend is vague concerning her relationship to the castellan), proved herself equal to the emergency. Welcoming the invaders, she lulled them into a false sense of security, and at the close of a banquet, contriving to abstract the arms, gave the signal to a band of devoted Swedish women, who fell upon the Danes and massacred them, from the chiefs downward; the general being undertaken by Blinda herself. However apocryphal the story, it has received some recognition at the hands of the King of Sweden. In memory of the good services of Blinda and her women, sundry taxes were remitted to Weland.



HON. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIPPLE.

A PLAN is on foot to have an appropriate memorial of the Hundredth Anniversary of American Independence. It originates with the American Colony of Artists in Florence. Now the memorable date of 1876 is near, and if but a portion of the sums which will be expended in the celebration of the national centenary be devoted to the raising of a splendid symbol, those who come after will have left to them a good example in an object of art which will exalt their patriotic feelings, while it excites their glad and grateful admiration. Such a monument is planned, and it is the happy thought of the artist that it shall be begun in 1876, and completed in 1883. There is something that appeals to the imagination in the idea that the monument will be rising during the years corresponding with those in which the struggle for independence was going on. It is to be hoped that before the anticipated date, New York will be rid of the villainy which robs her of her wealth and her fame, and put herself under a régime of cultivated minds. A great capital should shine with splendid monuments, in which every citizen may take pride, instead of the vain show of ostentatious opulence, serving no better purpose than to excite the envy of the vulgar, and satisfy the vanity of the individual.



CHICAGO.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE DÉPÔT FOR SUPPLIES AND CLOTHING, IN THE WEST-SIDE SKATING RINK.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 171.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A WAIST of time—a stout old lady's.

FISHES out of water—Muscles on a lady's neck.

It is a queer woman who asks no questions, but the woman who does is the querist.

GASTRONOMIC inquiry—Are lovers of eggs apt to ova-eat themselves?

"OUR LATER JONAH"—Butler, because "he is entirely swallowed up by the fish business."

VICTOR EMMANUEL is reported to have said: "There are two things that I never refuse any one—a cigar and a cross of St. Maurice."

FOND FATHER—"I see you've put my son into grammar and geography. Now, as I neither mean him to be a minister or a sea-captain, it's o' nae use. Give him a plain business education."

AN EAST INDIA PERSONAL—"We are very glad to learn that the marriage of Mr. Rugnoonath das Madhowsdas, a Kupola Bania merchant of Bombay, with Dhunucorbal, the daughter of Shet Gudhurdas Mohandas, and the widow of Luchmichand Dhurumsey, was celebrated at Chinchopoggy." So are we.

A COMMITTEE was recently appointed to investigate the excessive chastisement of a pupil in a Michigan public school, and reported that the "punishment was not actuated by malice, but occasioned by an undue appreciation of the thickness of the boy's pantaloons."

THE FATE OF CHICAGO.

There was a bovine of Chicago.

She made up her mind to let law go;

This wicked old tramp

Kicked over a lamp,

And away on the winds went Chicago.

DURING the Voluntary controversy, Dr. John Ritchie, of the Potter Row Church, Edinburgh, was one of the foremost champions on the Voluntary side. At a public meeting held in Dundee, the reverend gentleman was descending on the misrepresentations to which his opponents had subjected him. "They have," he said, "called me everything but a gentleman—everything but a minister; nay, they have compared me to the devil himself. Now," he proceeded, coming forward to the front of the platform, and exhibiting a well-shaped limb, "I ask if you see any cloven foot there?" "Tak' aff ye're shae (shoe)," vociferated a youth from the gallery.

AN UNEXAMPLED GIFT.—Some ladies in Texas were desirous of doing honor to the editor of a local journal. So they presented their hero with an embroidered shirt, which contained a splendid history of Texas, and also pictures of the fruits and cereals of the State, all worked in red worsted. Now, this particular editor had never worn a shirt, and supposed the brilliant specimen before him to be a banner for an approaching temperance procession. In his speech of thanks he puzzled the lady-donors by declaring that he would "ding it out for ever to the breezes of heaven, that they might kiss its folds, and till his hand paled it should never be trailed in the dust." The ladies blushed, and regretted having made it too long. Being informed of the purpose of the gift, the editor wore it over his coat, to the great edification of the boys of the town, who followed him in regiments, studying the history of the fine arts and of Texas behind his back.

THE overland trade—especially the tea and silk from Asia—via the Central Pacific Railroad—although comparatively in its infancy, has come to be a considerable item of traffic. The following table, showing the shipments, eastward, over the Pacific Railroad from San Francisco for the first nine months of 1870, and for the corresponding period in 1871, with the increase, is taken from the *Alta California Trade Review* of late date:

ARTICLES.	1870.	1871.	(9 MONTHS.) INCREASE.
Tea.....lbs.	1,550,317	9,671,761	8,121,364
Silk.....	92,906	628,339	535,433
Wine.....	750,036	1,502,250	852,214
Wool.....	4,487,126	12,949,751	8,462,625
Salmon.....	445,994	609,713	163,717
Hops.....	94,907	134,505	39,598
Leather.....	584,779	1,193,607	608,828
Furs.....	835,382	827,904
Cotton, glue, coffee, quicksilver, crude metals, etc.....	100	1,542,582	1,542,482

Total lbs..... 7,064,403 29,010,759

The through and local passenger traffic also shows a steady increase over the previous year.

CHARITY AND PATRIOTISM.—But ten days more remain in which to purchase tickets in the Grand Gift Concert, at Washington, D. C., for the benefit of the New York Foundling Asylum and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, of Washington, D. C. This enterprise will be conducted honestly and to a successful termination, for the names of the honorable gentlemen who are managing it are a guarantee that the rights of ticket-holders, both absent and present, will be respected. But a few tickets remain unsold. P. C. Devlin is the general agent, 31 Nassau Street, New York.

THE attention of the ladies of New York and vicinity is called to the unique display of goods at the store of Messrs. H. O'NEILL & CO., 327 & 329 Sixth Avenue. French Trimmings, Velvets, Black Silk Velvets, in all the new and choice shades; Bonnet and Sash Ribbons in every prismatic hue of the rainbow, and in all widths; Rich Laces, consisting of Collars, Sets, Handkerchiefs, etc., of most beautiful manufacture, at very low figures; while a choice variety of French Flowers, Feathers and Plumes, add their quota of beauty to make O'NEILL'S the Emporium for the best Millinery Goods.

Hagan's Magnolia Balm makes a lady of 25 look as if she were but 18. It removes Moth-patches, Ring-marks, Sallowness, etc., and in a few weeks changes the rustic face into one of culture and refinement. Then dress your hair with Lyon's Kathairon, and the two attractions—the complexion and the hair—are perfect.

CHROMOS and Frames, Stereoscopes, Albums, Photographic Materials and Graphoscopes, imported and manufactured by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 601 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.—A paper that has grown into excellence by experience, and into an unequalled circulation by acknowledged excellence.

Our druggists keep for sale Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best preparation ever made for restoring the vitality and color of the hair.

Mothers and Nurses.—Burnett's Kalliston is admirable for the sensitive skin of infants.

NOW IS THE TIME TO REMOVE MOOTH PATCHES, Freckles, and Brown Discolorations from the Face, by using PERRY'S MOOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE, BLACK HEADS and BLOTCHED DISFIGURATIONS, use PERRY'S COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER, Removes Freckles, Pimples, Sallowness, Moth Patches, and all Skin Blemishes.

THIS preparation has acquired a reputation the past 30 years among FASHIONABLE LADIES, which makes it sought after by the fair sex, coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying and innocent qualities. Like all other of DR. GOURAUD'S preparations, this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty, by its own merits, and is not the CREATURE of MERE ADVERTISING NOTORIETY, proved by the large sales made by Mr. M. J. CAMPBELL. This invaluable Cosmetic is recommended from one customer to another on actual KNOWLEDGE OF ITS VALUE AND UTILITY. PREPARED BY DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond Street, NEW YORK, formerly of Walker Street, and late of 453 Broadway. Established 31 years. DR. GOURAUD is also the inventor of the celebrated ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP for curing all Skin Diseases, POUDEUR SUBTIL for uprooting hair, LILY WHITE, LIQUID ROUGE for pale faces.

COLONEL JAMES FISK JR.'S NINTH REGIMENT BAND AND ORCHESTRA, together with MR. J. LEVY, the greatest Cornet Soloist in the world, can be engaged for CONCERTS, PROMENADES, BALLS, Etc., at short notice. CARL BERGMANN, Musical Director, D. L. DOWNING, Leader.

Address, H. S. JACKSON, Grand Opera House, New York.

841-43

WE GIVE IT AWAY!!!

BOOK OF WONDERS.

Contains over 50 Splendid Illustrations, Rich, Rare, and Rare, "Valuable Recipes" and Secrets worth knowing, &c. Send three cent stamp to pay postage. Address B. FOX & CO., Station "A," New York City.

BRONZED IRON BEDSTEDS.

Cribs and Cradles,

OF SUPERIOR STYLE and FINISH. All constructed with SPRING BOTTOMS, and requiring but one Mattress for use. Also,

Tucker's Patent Spring Bed.

Sixteen years' experience in the manufacture and sale of this article warrants us in claiming that it is THE BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE MARKET.

TUCKER MANUFACTURING CO.

39 & 41 Park Place, New York.
117 & 119 Court Street, Boston.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE

The Simplest, Cheapest and Best in use! Has but one needle! A child can run it. Agents wanted in every town. Send for Circular and Sample Stocking to HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Me. 842-54

\$10 A DAY with Stencil Tools. Samples free. Address, E. A. GRAHAM, Springfield, Vt. if

MAGIC FOR THE PARLOR. Send Stamp for a Price List. HARTZ MAGIC REPOSITORY Has Removed to 743 Broadway, Nearly opposite his old Store.

\$375 A MONTH—Horse and outfit furnished. Address, NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me. 42-55

\$50 A Week to Agents, male or female. Business honorable. I. L. GARSIDE, Paterson, New Jersey. 837-53

DRUNKARD STOPPERS. BEERS 107 4th AVE. N.Y. CURES INTERMITTENT PERMANENCE IN ALL ITS FORMS, INCLUDING OPIUM HABIT. TEN YEARS EXPERIENCE REMEDY PAINLESS. SEND STAMP FOR EVIDENCE.

Boker's Bitters! Boker's Bitters! Nobody should be without a bottle of

"BOKER'S BITTERS,"

Since an experience of more than 45 years has proved them to be BY FAR THE BEST and most EFFICACIOUS Stomach Bitters, as well as a very agreeable and pleasant Cordial. Beware of Counterfeits, and buy only of respectable houses. L. FUNK, Jr., Sole Agent, P. O. Box 1,029. 66 Liberty St., New York. 835-45-cow

PAGE & McCAFFERTY, Fifth Avenue, corner Fifty-second Street, offer to Rent Furnished or Unfurnished Houses on all the attractive avenues and intersecting streets, from \$800 to \$6,000.

EL MUNDO NUEVO The Best Illustrated Paper, With the largest circulation. Published every fifteen days. Subscription, \$5 a year; single number, 25 cts. All letters should be addressed, "EL MUNDO NUEVO," 357 Pearl St., N. Y.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,

331 & 333 Sixth Avenue.

Will offer on Monday, November 13th, specialties in every department; and having thoroughly replenished their entire stock, offer a choice of goods in variety and price which is unusually extensive and attractive.

Cloak Velvets, Fine Black, 28 in., \$5; Fine Black Lyons Velvets, 28 in., \$7.50; Superb Black Lyons Velvets, 30 in., \$10.

DRESS SILK, Gros-Grain, very rich, \$1.25; do, do, better, \$1.50; do, do, satin finish, \$2.50 to \$3.

Satins, Velvets, Velveteens, Silk Reps, Passementeries, etc., for Bonnet, Cloak and other Trimmings. RICH LACES in Guipure, Thread, Pointe, Pointe Applique, etc., etc.

SUITS for Fall and Winter Wear, in Black Alpaca, Poplin, Satine Cloth. Black Silk Walking Suits, \$58 and upward; Colored Silk, do, do., \$68.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING in great variety; Ladies' fine Chemises, Wamsutta Muslin, 95c.; NIGHT ROBES \$1.19 to \$4.50; Ladies' Fine Muslin Drawers, 63c. to \$1.50; Lindsdale Muslin Walking Skirts, Cambric Flounces, etc., 6 inches deep, \$2.

Nottingham Laces, Nottingham Lace Curains, Nottingham Lace and Pointe Applique Ties, etc., in very handsome assortment, at lowest prices.

We beg to inform our patrons that we shall labor to render each department complete with the most desirable attractions, and avail ourselves of every opportunity of yet further reducing our present low scale of prices; and we cordially invite an early visit of inspection.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,

331 & 333 Sixth Avenue.

EXPECT COLD WEATHER. THE BURTIS FURNACE.

Base Burning or Surface Burning, pronounced by Architects and Builders the best Furnace ever invented.

THE BURTIS FIREPLACE HEATER is Base Burning, and an improvement on the Morning Glory. Will heat twice as much as any other. Agents everywhere. Send for Circulars. Manufactured by BURTIS, GRAFF & RICE, 206 Water Street, New York.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & CO., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

FISHERMEN!

Twines and Netting.

MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,

Send for Price List. Baltimore, Md.

Removes tarnish quickly, without injury to the goods. Sold by Jewelers, Druggists, Grocers, Furnishing Stores &c. S. M. MILLER, Sole Proprietor, 65 Liberty Street, N.Y. Send stamp for sample.

New-York Tribune.

DAILY, \$10 A YEAR; WEEKLY, \$2; SEMI-WEEKLY, \$4.

The Weekly Tribune,

THE BEST AND THE CHEAPEST

PAPER FOR FARMERS.

ONLY \$1 A YEAR IN LARGE CLUBS.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

Contains the important Editorials published in the DAILY TRIBUNE; Reviews of Books; Letters from our Correspondents; Latest News by Cable; Proceedings of Congress; Foreign News by Cable and Steamer; Stock, Financial, Cattle, Dry Goods, and General Market Reports. The Full Reports of the American Institute Farmers' Club, and the various Agricultural Reports and Articles, by the most eminent Agriculturists, in each number, are richly worth a year's subscription. Improved methods of Agriculture and New Implements receive due attention in the WEEKLY TRIBUNE. The Horticultural Department is under the charge of Mr. P. T. QUINN, who will continue his articles on the Management of Small Farms, Fruit and Vegetable Culture, and how to make them pay.

AS A

FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE is pre-eminent. We intend that THE TRIBUNE shall keep in the advance in all that concerns the Agricultural, Manufacturing, Mining, and other interests of the country, and that for variety and completeness, it shall remain altogether the most valuable, interesting, and instructive NEWSPAPER published in the world.

No newspaper so large and complete as THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE was ever before offered at so low a price.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy, one year—52 issues.....	\$2.00
Five copies, ".....	9.00
To ONE ADDRESS, All at one Post-Office.	
10 copies.....	\$1.50 each.
20 ".....	1.25 "
50 ".....	1.00 "
To NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS, All at one Post-Office.	
10 copies.....	\$1.00 each.
20 ".....	1.35 "
50 ".....	1.10 "

And an extra copy to each Club.

THE NEW YORK SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

Is published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, and contains all that appears in our weekly edition, including everything on the subject of Agriculture, and much interesting and valuable matter for which there is not room in THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

TERMS OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

One copy, one year—104 numbers.....	\$4.00
Two copies, ".....	7.00
Five copies, or over, for each copy.....	3.00

An extra copy will be sent for every club of ten sent for at one time.

Address,

THE TRIBUNE, New York.



ARNOLD CONSTABLE & CO.
BROADWAY & 19TH ST.
NEW YORK,
ARE now offering at RETAIL the Largest and Best assorted Stock of
ENGLISH and FRENCH DRESS GOODS,
At the following Low Prices:
FRENCH ALL-WOOL PLAIDS,
At 55 cents.....former price, 50 cents.
At 60 cents.....former price, 75 cents.
At 65 cents.....former price, 85 cents.
At 75 cents.....former price, \$1.
FRENCH SATENS, ALL WOOL,
At 50 cents.....former price, 65 cents.
At 60 cents.....former price, 80 cents.
At 75 cents.....former price, \$1.
FRENCH ALL-WOOL SERGES,
At 50 cents.....former price, 75 cents.
At 60 cents.....former price, 85 cents.
At 75 cents.....former price, \$1.
All the above in the NEW CLOTH SHADES.
ALL OTHER DRESS GOODS EQUALLY CHEAP.

FANCY SILKS.
300 pieces at 75 cents.....reduced from \$1.00.
175 pieces at \$1.....reduced from \$1.25.
200 pieces at \$1.25.....reduced from \$1.50.
150 pieces at \$1.50.....reduced from \$2.00.
RICH PAILLE and ARMYRE SILKS, in all the New Cloth Shades for Costumers. BLACK SILKS of every grade at very low prices.

SHAWLS.
15,000 LONG WOOL SHAWLS, 20 per cent. less than Manufacturers' prices.
BROCHE LONG & SQUARE SHAWLS.
INDIA CAMELS' HAIR SHAWLS.
THE LARGEST and CHEAPEST STOCK to be found in the country.

VELVETS.
BLACK and COLORED TRIMMING VELVETS, CLOAKING VELVETS, of the first quality.

Bonnets & Round Hats

Paris, London and Our Own Make, in the Most Recherché Styles. Also an endless variety of

PARIS FLOWERS & FEATHERS,
Ribbons, Velvets, Silks, Laces, etc., ARE NOW OFFERED AT THE MOST REASONABLE PRICES, at

J. ROTHSCHILD'S,
58 West Fourteenth St., near Sixth Ave.

REDUCTION OF PRICES

TO CONFORM TO
REDUCTION OF DUTIES.
Great Saving to Consumers' BY GETTING UP CLUBS.

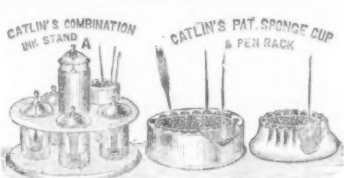
Send for our New Price-List, and a Club-Form will accompany it, containing full directions—making a large saving to consumers, and remunerative to club organizers.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 & 33 VESEY STREET, New York.
P. O. Box 5,643.

ROGUES, RASCALS and THIEVES are exposed without fear or favor, in the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER." A large illustrated paper, Ledger size, Spile did Stories, Sketches, Money-Making Secrets, Valuable Recipes, etc., etc. The most complete family paper ever issued, high-toned and moral in every respect. A paper for EVERYBODY. A fine new CROMO by Prang will be GIVEN FREE to every subscriber, and this paper a whole year, for only 75 cts., sent 3 months for 10 cents. Address, Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.

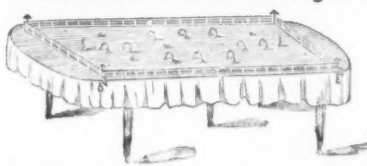
PATENTS Solicited by Munn & Co., Publishers Scientific American, 37 Park Row, N. Y.
Twenty-five years experience.
Pamphlets containing Patent Laws, with full directions how to obtain Patents, free.
A bound volume of 118 pages, containing the NEW CENSUS by counties and all large cities, 140 Engravings of Mechanical Movements, Patent Laws and rules for obtaining Patents, mailed on receipt of 25 cents.

A Great Offer. HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., WILL DISPOSE of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a small portion cash, and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.



Three kinds of Ink, MUCIAGE STAND, SPONGE CUP, AND PEN RACK. By revolving glass air chamber A, the inks and Mucilage are forced up any desired height into, or drawn out of, their dips in one second of time. The Mucilage can be instantly locked at any point on the brush, independent of the inks. Every time the inks are raised in their dips the water in the Sponge Cup rises an equal height, keeping the Sponge constantly saturated. Frame is brass, silver-plated, and will last a lifetime. Glass parts are easily renewed if broken. Other styles on the same principle, which is undoubtedly the best in the world. Ask your stationers to see them. Send for circulars to S. C. CATLIN, Cleveland, O.

IMPROVED PARLOR CROQUET.



The Greatest Invention of the Age. CAN BE USED WITHOUT A BOARD UPON ANY TABLE. Every family should have it. PRICE, COMPLETE, ONLY \$5. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. E. I. HORSMAN, Manufacturer, 100 William St., N. Y.

MAGNETIC TIME-KEEPER, COMPASS AND IN. A perfect time-keeper for the pocket of every traveler, trader, sea, farmer, and for EVERYBODY. It is a reliable time-keeper, and also a magnetic compass. It is a perfect time-keeper, and also a magnetic compass. It is a perfect time-keeper, and also a magnetic compass.

VENTRILOQUISM.—Full instructions by which any person can master the great art of Ventriloquism and perform 200 wonderful and strange tricks by a few hours' practice, sent by mail, postage paid, for 25 cents. Address JAGGERS & CO, Publishers, box 2743, St. Louis, Mo. 743-46

\$12 to \$24 A DAY. Agents wanted in every county in the United States to sell a newly patented article of great utility, and absolutely needed in every household. For further particulars, address, THE CHAMBER MFG. CO., Cleveland, Ohio. 835-60

Troy Laundry,

82 East Ninth Street, Bet. Broadway and Fourth Avenue, New York. LADIES' AND GENTS' LINEN DONE AT SHORT NOTICE. Receipt for preparing Starch, \$2. AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED APEX WASHING MACHINE. Goods called for and delivered. tr

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY OF CUBA. Conducted by the SPANISH GOVERNMENT. \$330,000 in GOLD. Drawn every Seventeen Days. Prizes paid in Gold, and information furnished. Orders solicited and promptly filled. The highest rates paid for Doubloons, and all kinds of Gold and Silver; also for all Government securities. TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall St., N. Y.

THIS IS NO HUMBUG! BY SENDING 30 CENTS and STAMP, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address, W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 38, Fultonville, N. Y. 825-37-0

STRASBURGER & PFEIFFER,

(Successor to Strasburger, Fritz & Pfeiffer), IMPORTERS OF GERMAN, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH **TOYS,** China & Fancy Goods, BOHEMIAN GLASS & LAVA WARES, MUSIC BOXES, ACCORDEONS, HARMONICAS, CONCERTINAS, ETC., ETC., 394 Broadway, near Canal St., N. Y. Parlor Ornaments, latest novelties in Toys, Fancy and Ornamental Goods constantly arriving, to supply the general demand. 825-50

\$425 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. 838-51

1,003 GIFTS.

Grand Gift Concert and Distribution FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity, New York, AND THE Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, Of Washington, D. C.

To be held in WASHINGTON, D. C., under and by virtue of a permit of the Hon. Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Thursday, November 23d, 1871.

Positively No Postponement. 1,003 GIFTS, amounting to \$200,000, will be awarded. Entire number of tickets, 52,000.

TICKETS, \$5 EACH. Send for Circular, giving description of gifts and references, to P. C. DEVLIN, General Agent, Stationer and Printer, 31 Nassau St., N. Y.

Hon. H. McCULLOUGH, Elkton, Md.
Major GEORGE T. CASTLE, Baltimore, Md., Commissioners.
Hon. JAMES S. NEGLEY, Pittsburgh, Pa., Trustee.

Tickets sent "C. O. D.," if desired. The Commissioners assure the public the Concert and Distribution will take place without fail on the above date.

Gas Fixtures!

ATTENTION is invited to our extensive assortment of GAS FIXTURES, comprising the largest variety of CHEAP and HANDSOME PATTERNS to be found in the country. Especially do we call attention to our line of CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS and PENDANTS in VERDE ANTIQUE, which for beauty of design and finish, cannot be surpassed.

TUCKER MANUFACTURING CO., WAREHOUSES: 39 & 41 Park Place, New York. 117 & 119 Court Street, Boston.

Figures will not lie!

How Large Fortunes are made! SEE THE PRICES at which four of the leading Sewing Machines are sold in the UNITED STATES, and ENGLAND.

Price in England. In the U. S.
Wheeler & Wilson \$45.00 \$85.00
New Singer : : 32.50 65.00
Elias Howe : : 25.00 65.00
Wilson Shuttle : 40.00 45.00

The above Prices are for exactly the same classes of machines as sold in both countries. There is scarcely any difference in the cost of material and labor in any of the above named machines.

W. G. WILSON, President of the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., personally appeared before me, and made oath that the above prices are correct, and taken by him from Circulars published in the United States and England under the corporate names of the Companies manufacturing said machines. FRED. SMITH, Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga Co., O.

The WILSON SEWING MACHINES are for sale in most every county in the United States, and No. 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

RIFLES, SHOT GUNS, REVOLVERS, Gun Material. Write for Price List, to GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, etc., bought or traded for. Agents wanted. 828-53

VINEGAR—how made—of Cider, Wine, or Sorgo, in 10 hours. F. SAGE, Cromwell, Conn. [833-45]

THE LITTLE FLIRT.—The meaning of Handkerchief, Fan, Glove and Parasol Flirtation Signals. An elegant bound volume. By mail, 25 cents. FISHER & DENISON, 98 Nassau Street, New York.



CARBOLIC COMPOUND SALVE BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION by Removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box. JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place, New York.

\$30 PER WEEK. Agents wanted in every town. Address, C. W. DENNIS, Rochester, N. Y. 841-53

\$250 A Month easily made with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Secure Circular and Samples free. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. 819-44

A New Paper for the Ladies!

NOW READY, NOS. I AND II, OF **FRANK LESLIE'S**

Lady's Journal,

A New Paper devoted to Fashion, Gossip, and Choice Literature, EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES.

Parisian Fashions, Fashionable Intelligence, Society Gossip, Superb Illustrations, Absorbing Stories.

THE LADY'S JOURNAL is intended specially for the instruction and entertainment of the Ladies. Its literature will be of the highest order, and its general contents unsurpassed for merit and variety.

THE LATEST PARIS FASHIONS will be its special feature, and all the novelties will be accurately described as they appear.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF The Lady's Journal

WILL ALL BE DRAWN & ENGRAVED IN PARIS, BY THE First Artists in Europe.

They will not only be accurate reproductions of the LATEST FASHION NOVELTIES, but really

FINE-ART PICTURES. Each article portrayed will be a faithful delineation of actual models designed by the famous houses of WORTH, MORRISON, FANET & BEER, RONOT ROCHE, DIXBURY, Etc.,

none of whom have ever, previously, allowed their models to be copied by any Fashion Journal whatever. With every other number each reader will be presented with a

LARGE COLORED FASHION PLATE, from actual articles of costume, in the exact colors of the material; and with the alternate numbers, a magnificent FASHION PLATE drawn from the latest Parisian models.

The contributions to the LADY'S JOURNAL, both of Fashion matters or Literary, will be from the pens of the most celebrated writers in each department.

Fascinating, Useful, Instructive, Entertaining.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:
One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

CLUB TERMS:
Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

In addition to the above terms, we now offer the following **SPECIAL INDUCEMENT,** to those who subscribe without delay:

For one year's subscription we will send the JOURNAL until December 31st, 1872, Fourteen months, for \$4. Eight copies free.

A CHRISTMAS PUDDING, Full of Plums, sent free on receipt of stamp for postage. Address, ADAMS & CO., Boston, Mass. 843-44

COMING ATTRACTIONS

IN **FRANK LESLIE'S**

"Chimney Corner,"

IN No. 343 begins:

"The Romance of Chicago, the Ruined City!"

A Series of Tales by Chicago Writers, who witnessed the Scenes.

In themselves strikingly brilliant tales, by writers of acknowledged eminence, these stories will bring out the dark and bright side, the perils, heroism, devotedness, tenderness, romance, pathos and affection of which the terrible catastrophe affords so many thrilling incidents.

A New Serial Story by **MARY GRACE WALPINE,** Will also soon appear.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

To be issued December 23d,

will be full of capital Stories, adapted to the Holiday Season, with many new features and attractions.

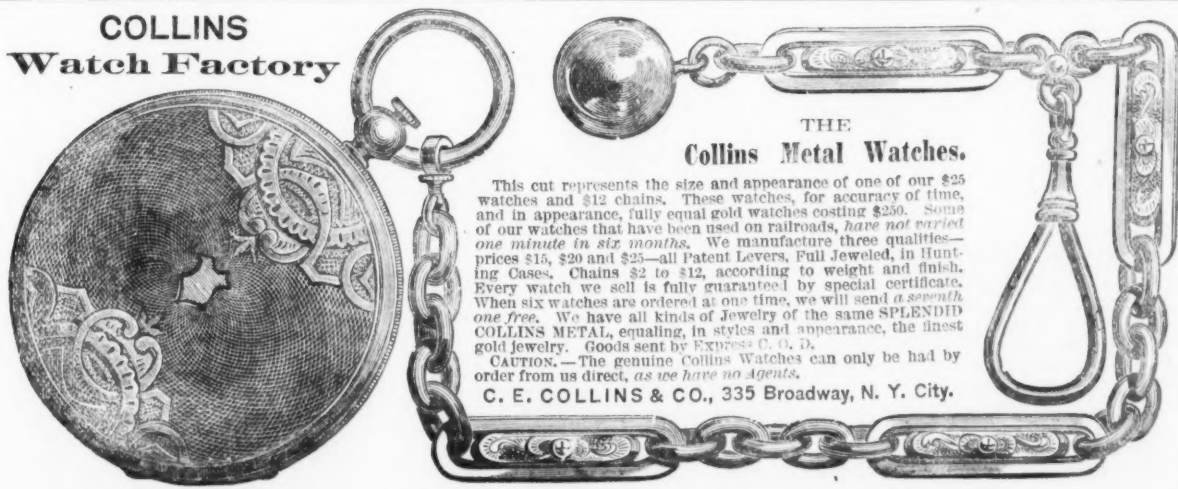
SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!!

All who subscribe to the CHIMNEY CORNER for 1872 now, will receive gratis the numbers to be issued during the rest of the present year.

Terms for this superior Family Paper, \$4 per annum; \$1 for three months.

The CHIMNEY CORNER and the New Paper, "THE LADY'S JOURNAL," devoted to Fashions and Literature, sent to one's address for one year for \$7.

FRANK LESLIE,
537 Pearl Street, N. Y.



COLLINS Watch Factory

THE Collins Metal Watches.

This cut represents the size and appearance of one of our \$25 watches and \$12 chains. These watches, for accuracy of time, and in appearance, fully equal gold watches costing \$250. Some of our watches that have been used on railroads, have not varied one minute in six months. We manufacture three qualities—prices \$15, \$20 and \$25—all Patent Levers, Full Jeweled, in Hunting Cases. Chains \$2 to \$12, according to weight and finish. Every watch we sell is fully guaranteed by special certificate. When six watches are ordered at one time, we will send a seventh one free. We have all kinds of Jewelry of the same SPLENDID COLLINS METAL, equaling in styles and appearance, the finest gold jewelry. Goods sent by Express C. O. D. CAUTION.—The genuine Collins Watches can only be had by order from us direct, as we have no Agents. C. E. COLLINS & CO., 335 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Waltham Watches!!

3-4 Plate, 16 and 20 Sizes.

THESE ARE THE BEST WATCHES MADE IN THIS COUNTRY, AND ARE MADE WITH AND WITHOUT STEM-WINDING ATTACHMENT. THEY ARE FINISHED IN THE BEST MANNER AND RUN WITH THE GREATEST ACCURACY, AND CANNOT BE EXCELLED ANYWHERE AT THEIR RESPECTIVE PRICES.

THE CASES ARE ALL OF THE NEWEST PATTERNS, AND SPECIALLY MADE TO OUR OWN ORDER.

OUR STOCK OF THESE WATCHES IS NOW THE LARGEST, AND OUR PRICES, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, ARE THE LOWEST IN THE CITY.

BALL, BLACK & CO.,

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,
565 and 567 Broadway.

C. G. Gunther's Sons

OFFER A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

SEAL SACQUES,

At much lower prices than last season.

ASTRAKAN SACQUES,

At very low figures.

SEALSKIN FUR,

In every Style and Pattern for Ladies' Wear, including

NOVELTIES,

Of Choice Selections, our own make, and imported.

A RICH ASSORTMENT OF

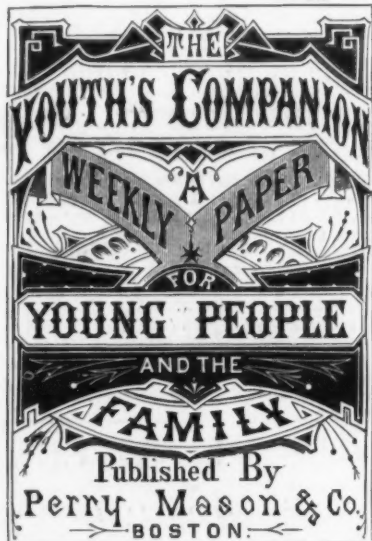
Russian and Hudson Bay

SABLES,

BLACK & SILVER FOXES.

502 & 504 Broadway.

\$732 MADE BY ONE AGENT in 30 days, selling SILVER'S BROOM. Recommended by Horace Greeley and American Agriculturist. One County for each Agent. C. A. CLEGG & CO., 20 Cortlandt St., New York.



One of the most popular, skillfully edited, and widely circulated papers in the country.

Rev. Edward E. Hale, Prof. James De Mille, Mrs. L. C. Moulton, Mrs. Helen C. Weeks, Ruth Chesterfield, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, "Sophie May," Mrs. E. H. Davis, Mrs. C. W. Flanders, Mrs. M. A. Denison, With other well-known and eminent writers, contribute to its columns.

Besides charmingly written Stories, and TALES OF ADVENTURE, it contains LETTERS OF TRAVEL, HISTORICAL AND SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, OBSERVATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY, STRIKING EDITORIALS ON CURRENT EVENTS, SPORTS, GAMES, PUZZLES, etc., etc.

Varied, Comprehensive, practical and full of information, it attracts and interests alike both old and young.

Two Stirring Serial Stories, one of "HOME LIFE," the other, "LIFE ON THE FRONTIER," will appear during the year. Send for Specimen Copies—sent free. Subscription price, \$1.50 in advance.

PERRY MASON & CO.,
Publishers,

BOSTON.....MASS.

\$20 BILLIARD TABLE! FULL-SIZE BALLS. CUES, Etc. Quick Rubber Cushions. No extra room required. Diagram Free. ABBOT & NICHOLS, 95 Liberty Street, N. Y. 841-44-0

SOAP. TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE, ALL-HEALING SOAP, OF UNEQUALLED MERIT. J. C. HULL'S SON, N. Y. 838-45-0



TAMMANY'S LAST MAN.

W. M. T.—"I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but me departed."



PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL.

The SAFEST and BEST ILLUMINATING OIL ever made. Used in over 150,000 families. From Millions of Gallons sold, no accidents have ever occurred. "Not Cheapest, but SAFEST and BEST."

Oil House of CHAS. PRATT. Established 1770. 108 FULTON STREET, N. Y.



ESTD. 1809.

Cleans windows, scours knives and table ware, removes stains and rust, and is the very best thing ever used for general house cleaning. For sale by all good Grocery and Drug Stores. Wholesale, 211 Washington St., New York. 836-46-0W

RAILROAD BONDS

Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to No. 7 Wall St., N. Y.

CHARLES W. HASSLER

MERINO UNDERWEAR, Hosiery, Gloves, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Drawers, AND

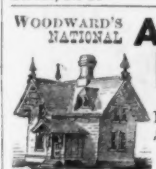
Fine Furnishings UNRIVALED,

AT UNION ADAMS & CO., 637 Broadway.

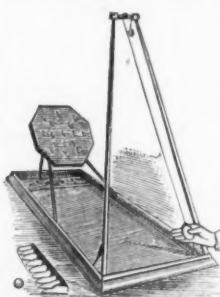


THEA-NECTAR IS A PURE Black Tea with the Green Tea Flavor. Warranted to suit all tastes. For sale everywhere, and for sale wholesale only by the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., 8 Church St., New York. P. O. Box 5,506. Send for Thea-Nectar Circular.

IF YOU INTEND TO BUILD. Send for 18 modern designs for suburban and country houses, price \$5. A. J. BICKNELL & Co., 27 Warren Street, N. Y. 837-49



1000 Working Drawings, \$12, post-paid. GEO. E. WOODWARD, Publisher, 191 Broadway, N. Y. Send for Catalogue of all books on Architecture, Agriculture, Field Sports and the Horse.



MAKE YOUR CHILDREN HAPPY By buying the LOZO PENDULUM BOARD. It is the Best Game-Board in the country. Contains the following games: Ring Toss, Ten Pins, Pockets & Bagatelle. Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. E. I. HORSMAN, 100 William St., New York.



THE LOST CITY.

Chicago as it Was! Chicago as it Is! A COMPLETE HISTORY.

A book brim full of thrilling interest and startling incidents, profusely illustrated. Price, postpaid, \$2.50. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for circular and terms. Address, WELLS & CO., 432 Broome St., N. Y. 840-43-0

CHICKERING & SONS' PIANO-FORTES.

THE BEST PIANOS, AT THE LOWEST PRICES, And upon the most favorable terms of payment.

We invite the attention of persons intending to purchase Pianos, to our New Illustrated Catalogue, giving full description of Styles and Prices, and the terms on which we sell to those desiring to make

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Send for a Catalogue.

CHICKERING & SONS, 11 EAST 14th STREET, NEW YORK. 840-43-0

WICKES' ECLECTIC OIL Is Pure, Safe, Sweet and Economical. J. H. WICKES, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y. 835-47-0

BALL BLACK & CO.,

565 and 567 Broadway, N. Y.

Importers of

DIAMONDS

AND ALL

Precious Stones.

Manufacturers of

FINE JEWELRY.

Best Quality of

DRILL CARBON

Always on Hand.



IS MORE FREE FROM UNPLEASANT taste or smell than any other Cod Liver Oil; is more readily assimilated and more easily digested; can be taken by persons who cannot retain other oil on their stomach; is recommended by many eminent medical men in Europe and America. Sold by Druggists.

CUNDURANGO.

BLISS, KEENE & CO.'S



FLUID EXTRACT. The wonderful remedy for Cancer, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pulmonary Complaints, Salt Rheum, and all Chronic Blood Diseases, is prepared from the Genuine Cundurango Bark, from Loja, Ecuador, secured by the assistance of the authorities of that country. It is the most effective, prompt, and certain alterative and blood purifier known. Sold by all Druggists, in pint bottles, having on them our name, trade mark, and directions. Send for a circular. Office and Laboratory, No. 60 Cedar Street, New York. 843-940

KALDENBERG'S MEERSCHAUMS. An elegant assortment of real meerschaum pipes and amber goods, all of my own make, and warranted suitable for holiday presents; pipes and holders made to order. Stores, No. 6 John St., first floor, upstairs; also cor. of John and Nassau Sts. Goods sent C. O. D. Send for circulars and price list. 843-490



Not Insured—"Don't Travel Much."

Insure against Accidents by a General Accident Policy in the TRAVELERS' Life and Accident Insurance Company, of Hartford.

The TRAVELERS' has paid over **Fourteen Thousand** losses for Death or Injury by Accident.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

It contains over 100 fine engravings of Battle Scenes and Incidents in the War, and is the only AUTHENTIC and OFFICIAL history of that great conflict. Agents are meeting with unprecedented success, selling from 20 to 40 copies per day, and it is published in both English and German.

CAUTION. Inferior histories are being circulated. See that the book you buy contains 100 fine engravings and 740 pages. Send for circulars, and see our terms and a full description of the work. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 843-46-0

\$10 A DAY, and more, to good, reliable agents. GOLDING & CO., 14 Kilby St., Boston, Mass. 843-46-0